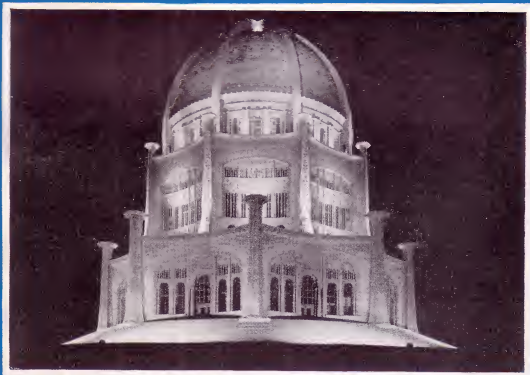


MY AWAKENING ON ANOTHER PLANET—Angelucci

MYSTIC MAGAZINE

October 1954

35¢



THE HOLY MAN

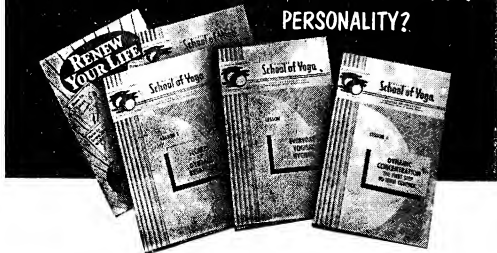
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MAGAZINE

Issue No. 6

Editor: Ray Palmer

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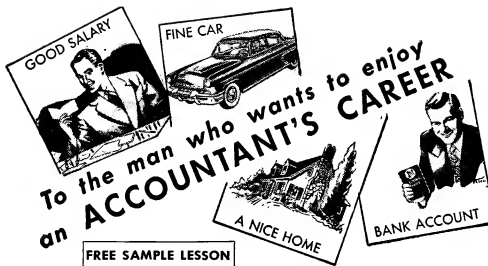
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Please address all correspondence to Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisc.

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...Editorial...

RECENTLY two events occurred in these United States of America which must be a source of complete bafflement to the "saucer observers" who are supposed to be gathering information about us. If these observers are merely inhabitants of another planet, they cannot be other than completely puzzled; and if they are highly advanced ethereal beings acting as guardians and guides to Earth's humans, even so they must be sadly disappointed in their task and its results. These two events deserve a lot of comment, and they are getting it, but not as related events. Therefore the comment is rather pointless, since the real point cannot be made without taking the events together, as one unit.

The first event seems to be quite a noble one: It has to do with President Eisenhower's change in the Declaration known as The Pledge of Allegiance to the United States. It remains as it always has been, with one exception: two words have been added. These words are "under God" and they

are inserted at the point where we say "one nation, indivisible." It is certainly a fine thing of the president to remind us that this nation was dedicated "under God" and that its people and its government exist in harmony with the laws of God and under His eye, and with constant regard for God-like behavior. President Eisenhower might have been inspired to make this change because this nation is not as God-like as it should be; because it does not take God into account in all its actions. Perhaps he has recognized that we are at fault in that we have begun to forget that we *are* a nation under God, and not under Satan. It is a sad thing that there must be such recognition, but it is a good thing that he has done something to replace God in our oath of allegiance. Allegiance to God should come before allegiance to country. Nor can there be allegiance to country which is sincere and real without allegiance to God. The godless are nothing. They drift in a vacuum. At the worst, they are devoted to evil. America must remember its God, and live as its

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God has indicated it should.

The second event had to do with a person whose name is quite a bit longer than God's: it has to do with Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. Recently, judged by a special review board of three men, a scientist, a politician, and a business executive, he was found a "security risk" and henceforth denied access to "classified atomic (and other important) scientific information". His "loyalty to his country" was unquestioned, but he was adjudged "weak" and not to be depended upon not to "leak" secrets to our enemy, Russia. Oppenheimer was the man who played the biggest part in giving us the atomic bomb. He did more than any one man to end the second World War, and to give America its leadership in atomic weapons.

We are not concerned with justice here. It isn't a matter of justice we want to bring up. Actually it has nothing to do with Mr. Oppenheimer. It has more to do with two other individuals, Gordon Gray, president of the University of North Carolina; and Thomas A. Morgan, former president of the Sperry Corporation. It was these two who voted against scientist Oppenheimer. Chemistry professor Dr. Ward V. Evans called the vote "a black mark on the escutcheon" of the United States. What

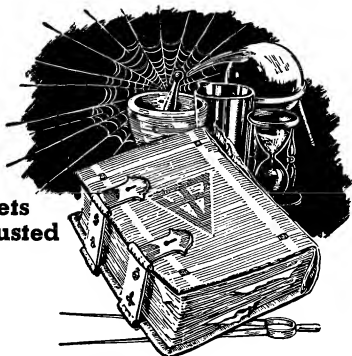
he meant, we don't know; perhaps he was referring to the injustice of the vote. That Oppenheimer's scientific future is ruined, nobody denies.

But what was the most important point (to us, and to many others, especially scientists—who expressed their disapproval in a formal condemnation of the decision)? In order that there will be no confusion, we will quote it (partly from the majority report itself):

"We believe that, had Dr. Oppenheimer given his enthusiastic support to the (H-bomb) program, a concerted effort would have been initiated at an earlier date. Following the President's decision (Jan. 31, 1950) he did not show the enthusiastic support for the program which might have been expected of the chief atomic adviser to the government under the circumstances.

"We must make it clear that we do not question Dr. Oppenheimer's right to the opinions he held with respect to the development of this weapon. We are willing to assume that they were motivated by deep moral conviction. We are concerned, however, that he may have departed his role as scientific adviser to exercise highly persuasive influence in matters in which his convictions were not necessar-

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ily a reflection of technical judgment, and also not necessarily related to the protection of the strongest offensive military interests of the country.

"We find his conduct in the hydrogen bomb program sufficiently disturbing as to raise a doubt as to whether his future participation, if characterized by the same attitudes in a government program relating to the national defense, would be clearly consistent with the best interests of security."

That ends our quotation, which is out of context, but we desire only to make one point which has nothing to do with "security". Thus we have quoted only what is pertinent to our point, which we will now bring up.

What was Dr. Oppenheimer's "attitude"? What were his "opinions"? What was it that was "motivated by deep moral convictions"? Briefly, Dr. Oppenheimer deemed it advisable to go slow on the H-bomb project on both political and moral grounds, and even expressed a legitimate doubt as to its scientific aspects. Morally, we can only assume, Dr. Oppenheimer looked on the Hell Bomb as we ourselves do, and as many human beings do—as a monstrous thing, a morally incompatible creation, an uncivilized weapon. He hesitated to thrust such a thing on a human-

ity already suffering from horror beyond belief. Dr. Oppenheimer's attitude, opinion and moral conviction was rooted in two simple little words. Those words have just been placed in our oath of allegiance, certainly not without reason, by President Eisenhower. Can we, as a nation, exist "under God" if we must deny our moral sense, stifle our opinions of what is right and wrong, march as automatons, unthinking, unfeeling, in an army whose only tenet is "security, and morals be damned!"?

Think of what has been expressed by the majority opinion, this split decision by three men. We *must not* let moral values influence our thinking regarding the weapons of *offensive* war! We repeat, of OFFENSIVE war. And if anyone connected with the defensive and offensive military effort dares to express a moral consideration, he must no longer be allowed to take part in the science he has chosen to pursue, but must be cast out, denied information essential not only to bomb-making, but to the easing of human suffering, the curing of ills, the science of the atom.

Is this nation *really* "under God?" President Eisenhower says it is, but Gordon Gray and Thomas A. Morgan say it is not.

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Have you ever started to say something at exactly the same instant that someone else started to utter the SAME words?

Have you ever had a dream — and then seen your dream become a reality, just as your inner mind had pictured it?

We've all had uncanny experiences like these. You can't possibly explain them unless you admit that you DO have a sixth sense; but this mysterious power is developed to a higher degree in some people than in others.

Some years ago the noted "father of modern psychology," Will James of Harvard, made the astonishing statement that most people use only 10% of their mental powers! The other 90% lies idle! Now at last, science is making it easy for us to USE that vast reserve of brain power!

A few people seem to know instinctively the secret of harnessing this power. Others must learn. But once you learn the secret, NOTHING is beyond your power — NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE!

This doesn't mean we can all be Einsteins, Edisons or Fords. It does mean that we can have the happiness, peace of mind and feeling of security — plus the success in our chosen life's work — which we have every right to want and expect!

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For almost a hundred years, scientists have known about and talked about atomic energy. It is only recently that something has been done about it.

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As You Think — So You ARE!

That phrase comes from the Bible. It is just as true today as it was 2,000 years ago! But NOW we have the means to think along the right lines! Now we know how much better we can make our lives by simply releasing and putting to work the tremendous forces which have been lying dormant in our minds!

Of course you'd like to have a better home. A happier, fuller life. More understanding, respect and affection from your family, friends and associates. Greater success in your life work. More genuine security and peace of mind in this troubled world!

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the weapons-makers do not wish to use the talents of Dr. Oppenheimer. They have every right to behave as they please in this respect. But they have no right to dedicate this nation to purely materialistic, godless, unmoral and destructive considerations. They have no right to deny any opinions, especially those based on morality, nor to enforce these denials by the threat and imposition of deprivation of livelihood and participation in the rightful pursuit of knowledge and scientific development. They have no right to name morality as a grounds for condemnation, for expulsion.

They have said, in their report, that they have no doubt that Dr. Oppenheimer's opinions were motivated by deep moral convictions. They wish to make it clear, they say, that they do not question his right to hold these deep moral convictions. But "under God," they deny him the right to *express* them! He can only *hold* them, deep within his heart, knowing them to be right and just; while, if he wishes to hold his job, he denies his God, not thrice, but as long as he lives. In addition, when faced with a military and political decision (such as the President's on Jan. 31, 1950, to build an H-bomb), he must *pretend* an enthusiasm his moral sense cannot per-

mit him to feel. He must depart from his honesty, his self-respect, and turn his back upon the God he now must swear by with lip-service only. He must mock the God to whom he prays. He must deceive the country to which he pledges allegiance when he utters the two added words "under God", knowing as he says them that his allegiance is, in reality, to an unmoral program in which God is not permitted to cast His influence.

Gordon Gray and Thomas A. Morgan, what are you going to do, "under God", to recant this monstrous philosophy to which you have dedicated our nation, in the interests of "security"?

Have you not denied your *real* security?

It is not a question of whether or not Dr. Oppenheimer is a security risk; if he is one, well and good—expell him from the secret councils of atom. It is a question of whether moral values are incompatible with our security, with our course in the manufacture of weapons. If moral values have no part, then, gentlemen, you are already doomed. The bomb you manufacture will find easy access to a nation which declares itself godless. "Fear not, for I am with you," He said. And also, if He is not with you, then must fear be your companion.

(Continued on Page 99)

Here Is Proof MILLIONS Are Paying Too Much For **VITAMINS!**

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MY AWAKENING ON ANOTHER PLANET

By — Orfeo Matthew Angelucci

As told to Paul M. Vest

Because of the enormous interest expressed by the readers of MYSTIC in the flying saucer experience of Mr. Angelucci, we present still another of his experiences with the beings from space. The reader will bear in mind that Mr. Angelucci relates these experiences as actual happenings, and we, as editors, pass them on to you as honest presentations of the author's word. There will be some who will say that Orfeo's experience was not real because it was not "in the flesh." To those we want to point to Christ's Transfiguration, and to ask you to bear it in mind. Such things happen!

COINCIDENTAL WITH the publication in MYSTIC (May, 1954) of "I MEET THE FLYING SAUCER MAN", a continuation of my true experiences with the extra-terrestrial beings, I resumed my Sunday talks at the Hollywood Hotel.

Although for some months previous there had been but few publicized sightings of saucers, I was told confidentially by a Los Angeles newspaper reporter that the wires had been "hot" with reports of flying saucer activity. But, he stated, editors of many papers had been requested either to ignore such stories or to "play them down".

Thus with the attention of the public apparently diverted from the saucers by McCarthy; the experimental destruction of islands in the Pacific by the hydrogen bomb and other disquieting news events, I was genuinely surprised at the number of people who were present at that first Sunday meeting. Not only were they still interested in the saucers, but seemed more eager than ever to understand our mysterious visitors.

Similarly, the hundreds of letters I received through MYSTIC magazine, written by persons in all walks of life from scientists to ministers of the gospel, convinced me that many persons intuitively real-

ize that the coming of the saucers in our time is highly portentous and will ultimately prove the most profound event of the 20th century—and in all probability of the last twenty centuries! Despite the assiduous efforts of certain agencies to keep many of the true facts from the public “for its own good”, the truth will eventually come out.

In this article I am going to tell you about the most bizarre, the most astonishing of all my experiences. So incredible, so far beyond the normal realms of human experience are these events that I have never before dared to relate them except to a few of my most trusted friends. Not even in the single issue of my own Twentieth Century Times did I include this experience.

Now only the faith and understanding of the persons who have heard me talk and read my stories in MYSTIC, give me the courage to reveal not only the identity of the etheric beings who contacted me, but also some astounding information about their world. Also an answer to the question why THEY—of all the entities in the boundless depths of the time-space continuum are interested in us now and visit our tiny, inconsequential planet. This experience occurred in January, 1953.—Orfeo Angelucci.

IT was Monday, but I did not go to work as I was just recovering from the flu. During the afternoon, while Mabel was at work and I was alone, a rather strange, detached feeling came over me. I was aware of a familiar odd prickling sensation in my arms and the back of my neck which usually announced the proximity of space beings.

But I discounted the strange symptoms thinking they were the result of my illness. I suddenly felt so drowsy that I could scarcely keep my eyes open. I recall starting toward the divan to lie down for a nap. But I have absolutely no recollection of ever reaching that divan! Apparently, I blacked out!

My next conscious perception was a kind of peculiar “awakening” or regaining consciousness while on my job in the Plastics Department of the Lockheed plant. Stupefied and bewildered I looked uncertainly about the factory. Dazedly, I saw the familiar faces of my co-workers . . . and noticed the tools in my hands. I caught my breath sharply and an icy shiver quivered over my entire body as quite involuntarily I suddenly recoiled with a shudder from the entire scene. I didn’t know why then, but everything seemed hopelessly wrong . . . primitive and crude.

In a daze I rubbed a hand across my eyes hoping to eradicate the scene. Then I was seized with a blinding vertigo and thought I was going to lose consciousness. Dave Donnegan, my working partner, looked at me sympathetically and there was genuine concern in his eyes. He didn't say anything but quietly took the tools from my hand and in his quiet, understanding way went ahead, carrying on alone.

An involuntary outburst of utter disgust came from my lips—disgust with everything I saw! I remember hearing Dave say, "Are you all right, boy?"

But I didn't reply—I couldn't! In a kind of panic I turned to rush out of the door, but in my blind haste I bumped roughly into Richard Butterfield, the temporary lead man in my section. I must have looked acutely ill because I vaguely remember seeing the sudden alarm in his eyes as he grasped me firmly but gently by the shoulders and exclaimed, "Angie! Angie! What's wrong with you!"

I was breathing hard. Both emotionally and mentally I was confused and uncertain. My thoughts were in turmoil and I had only one objective—to *get out of that place!* But the presence of Butterfield had a stabilizing, quieting effect upon me. He arose superbly to meet the

situation. In some mysterious, intangible way I was enabled momentarily to share his great inner resources of strength and stability which calmed me and cushioned the terrific emotional shock I was undergoing—the cause of which I was not to know for many days.

He smiled reassuringly while keeping his hands upon my shoulders. "Calm down, Angie, old boy," he said gently, "Go upstairs and take a break. You look beat!"

I mumbled my heartfelt thanks and stumbled up the steps—not yet aware of what actually had happened to me.

I got a cup of coffee. Never before had I needed one so badly. My hands were shaking and every nerve in my body was quivering. As I drank the hot, aromatic stuff I tried to think back—to remember why I was so shaken and upset. But my last recollection before my strange, perturbed "awakening" on the job, was walking toward the divan in my apartment. The intervening period was a total blank.

Noticing a copy of the Los Angeles Times on one of the tables, I nervously picked it up and glanced at the date. Perspiration broke out on my forehead—the date of the paper was January 19, 1953—SEVEN DAYS HAD ELAPSED OF WHICH I HAD ABSOLUTELY NO RECOLLECTION! But even

the date on the paper couldn't convince me. Trying to keep my voice casual, I asked a fellow at a nearby table the date. He confirmed the date on the newspaper!

My body was bathed in cold perspiration. In fact, I was on the edge of panic as I sat there, my hands trembling as I tried to take a sip of coffee. I just couldn't believe that seven days and nights had passed leaving not a trace of memory in my mind.

Later in the afternoon when I was feeling a little better I went back downstairs on the job. But it was a real effort to behave in a normal, rational manner with my thoughts in turmoil. Cautiously and discreetly I questioned Dave and other fellow workers about those seven previous days. From their replies I gathered that I had been on the job every day and had apparently behaved in my usual manner until my strange "awakening" and violent outburst that afternoon.

At home I didn't mention my inexplicable loss of memory to Mabel. And apparently she had noticed nothing unusual in my behavior during that entire week. It seemed that in every way I had behaved in my accustomed manner—I had eaten my meals, slept, gone to and from work and helped Mabel out at the Snack Bar, as usual. It was

fantastically incredible!

I told no one what had happened to me. But in my own mind I was utterly baffled and deeply troubled about those seven lost days out of my life. Imagine yourself in my place. Suppose that for an entire week your waking consciousness had been obliterated so that you could not remember a single event. Wouldn't you be deeply disturbed? Wouldn't you begin to wonder if you might not be psychopathic? Well, in all sincerity I can tell you that you would—for those were my own panic-stricken thoughts!

But as the days passed I gradually settled down into the routine of daily life. Often I tried hard to regain the memory of those seven lost days—but it seemed hopeless.

About a month later I was feeling unusually restless one night. Shortly after ten o'clock I went out for a walk. As always my feet seemed involuntarily to carry me toward the Hyperion Avenue Freeway Bridge. In its dark, mysterious shadows I always found a kind of spiritual peace and comfort for it was there I had met and talked with "Neptune"—the great, etheric being from another world!

I was thinking of these things as I clambered down the concrete embankment into the almost dry bed of the Los Angeles River. Walk-

ing over to the spot where "Neptune" had talked with me I sat down disconsolately upon the ground. I rested my head upon the stone where he had sat and gazed thoughtfully up into the heavens and thought of the spiraling endless wonder of the universe. Lost in reverie, a feeling of deep inner peace and tranquility came over me. Noisy, clattering earth with all of its troubles, dissensions and animosities seemed remote and relatively unimportant.

As my thoughts drifted pleasantly, I felt again the odd sensation which was always my first awareness of space visitors. But I was deeply puzzled for "Neptune" had last told me, "We will return, Orfeo—but not to you."

Nevertheless the odd tingling in my arms and back of my neck was unmistakable. Hopefully, my eyes scanned the heavens, but I saw nothing that in any way resembled a saucer. I was not troubled as I had implicit faith in THEM. The intensity of the vibration increased dimming the awareness of my conscious mind much as it had the night I first encountered the saucer.

An ineffable feeling of harmony, tranquility and peace possessed me. As in a dream my thoughts drifted back to that mysterious Monday afternoon when, feeling much as I

did now, I had walked toward the divan to take a nap. But now, as I lie there upon the ground under the stars—astonishingly I was **BEGINNING TO REMEMBER!** The ponderous shadows of materiality dense as a prison of heavy steel, were dissolving into their native nothingness. Memory was returning faintly, hazily at first, like the sun's golden rays breaking through black clouds. Like a man confusedly awakening from an anesthetic I was remembering—**THOSE SEVEN MYSTERIOUS LOST DAYS!**

As memory flooded back I clearly recalled again that Monday afternoon. I was walking toward the divan . . . my eyes were so heavy I could scarcely keep them open . . . in a daze I sank down upon the divan and immediately fell into a deep sleep!

Only now I could remember waking from that sleep — **BUT MY AWAKENING WAS IN A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL WORLD!** I was no longer upon earth—some fantastically incredible transition had taken place. I awoke in a huge, fabulously beautiful room—a room the substance of which glowed ethereally with soft, exquisite colors. I was lying upon a luxurious kind of couch, or lounge. Half awake, I glanced down at my body — but it was not

familiar! My body was never so perfectly proportioned or of so fine coloring and texture.

I noticed that I was wearing only a fine white garment, closely fitted and covering my chest, torso and upper part of my thighs. A finely wrought gold belt was about my waist. Although the belt appeared to be made of heavy links of embossed gold, it was without weight. My new body felt amazingly light and ethereal and vibrant with life.

Full consciousness did not come to me at once. My first thoughts upon waking in that shining world were nebulous and confused. Somehow the thought persisted in my mind that I was recovering from a long and serious illness. Thus I lay there in a kind of pleasant lethargy as one does who has been very ill. Strange random thoughts drifted in my consciousness. Everything was so new and different and yet it was hauntingly familiar. My handsome new body was not my body—and yet it was! The exquisite room with its ethereal, softly glowing colors was like nothing ever dreamed of upon earth—and yet somehow it was not strange and alien to me. Only one thing seemed unfamiliar—far away outside the huge windowless room I could hear the continuous rumble of distant thunder.

Gradually the dark mists cleared

from my mind. Incredible memories came back to me—memories of another world, a different people—another life! Lost horizons, deep buried memories, forgotten vistas were surfacing to my consciousness.

“I remember this world!” I thought rapturously. I remember it like a condemned prisoner remembers the sunshine, the trees, the flowers of the outside world after an eternity chained in a dark and odious prison. This is MY REAL WORLD — MY TRUE BODY, I thought. I have been lost in a dimension called “Time” and a captive in a forbidding land called “Earth”. I have come home—like a lost son. All is serenity, peace, harmony and indescribable beauty here—the only disturbing factor is the troublesome half-memory of an unhappy shadow named “Orfeo”, a bondsman in a prison-world of materiality called “Earth”.

As the disturbing thoughts of this lost “Orfeo” troubled me, a portion of one wall noiselessly divided making an imposing doorway and a woman entered. She was dazzlingly beautiful. Somehow my mind understood that she was the one placed in charge of me, even as I also understood that the mysterious door opened and closed automatically by means of electro-magnetic controls.

She looked down at me and

smiled warmly. Her beauty was breathtaking. She was dressed simply in a kind of Grecian gown of glowing slivery-white substance; her hair was golden and fell in soft waves about her shoulders; her eyes were extremely large, expressive and deep blue. Soft shimmering colors played continuously about her apparently varying with every light change of her thought or mood.

Hauntingly, the thought was in my mind that I remembered her from somewhere. She seemed to sense my perplexity and reassuringly said that I was looking very well and would soon be up and about. Then she touched a control on mysterious crystal cabinet near my bed. In response a large section of the opposite wall opened revealing a huge mirror. I looked into its crystal depths—but the man I saw was not Orfeo—nor yet was he a stranger to me. Paradoxically, I remembered and yet I didn't remember!

"I have gained weight," I remarked, not knowing just why I made such a statement, then added, "Also, I feel much better now."

She smiled and replied, "On the contrary, you have lost weight. According to all earthly standards you are now almost weightless."

Her strange words puzzled me. I glanced down at my body which

appeared to be solidly substantial and surely I was much larger and finely proportioned.

"It's all a matter of the scale of vibration in which you are functioning," she explained. "The vibratory rate of dense matter which makes up the planet Earth, is extremely low — hence earthly bodies are sluggish, dense and cumbersome. Vibratory rates here are quite high and matter so tenuous that it would seem non-existent were you in a dense physical body. But because you are now in a body of a corresponding vibratory rate, the phenomena of this world is as real to you as your earth world.

As I listened to her speak, I thought I remembered her name. "You are Lyra?" I said half questioningly.

She nodded her head.

I was about to ask her about herself when I was conscious again of the continuous, low rumble of thunder from outside. I became curious to go out of doors and look around. Turning to Lyra, I asked, "May I go outside now?"

She shook her head. "You are not yet strong enough, but I promise that before the seventh day you shall see all, Neptune."

Her words startled me. Why had she called me "Neptune"? I wondered. I was not Neptune—neither was Neptune ill! And what did

she mean by the seventh day?

I was on the point of asking her these questions when she turned and looked expectantly toward the far wall. In a moment the mysterious door appeared and a tall, strikingly handsome man entered. It was Orion! In some confused way I recognized him at once and felt a surge of affection for him in my heart. As with Lyra, shimmering waves of translucent color played about him seemingly reflecting his thoughts. He smiled warmly and said, "We have missed you, Neptune."

I brushed my hand across my eyes in a dazed way as I replied, "But I am not Neptune—there is some mistake."

"Are you certain?" he asked gently. "You will recall that 'Neptune' was the name you gave to our brother who first contacted you upon earth. That name has always held a strange, deep significance for you—perhaps because it was once your own name."

As he spoke the odd realization possessed me that he was indeed speaking the truth. In their world, I was—or had once been Neptune! "But the other 'Neptune'?" I asked. "Who then is he?"

Orion glanced at Lyra and a scintillating wave of golden light seemed to enfold them both. Then Orion replied slowly, "With us

names are of little significance. The brother of whom you speak is sometimes known as 'Astra', but in the higher octaves of light individualized aspects such as you know upon earth are non-existent. Even now in this most tenuous of materialistic states of being, you are not aware of us in our true eternal aspect. We are, you might say, staging a dress-show reception for you, our lost brother. Before The Destruction our existence was much as you see it now—that is why you seem to remember all of this. In that phase of the time dimension you were known as 'Neptune'."

Something was wrong . . . terribly wrong, somewhere, I thought. If only I could remember clearly, but everything was so confused. As I gazed at those two superbly magnificent beings standing side by side developed in shimmering waves of golden light. I felt intuitively that I had known them well sometime . . . somewhere! I had known them on an equal level—I had been one of them! But now they were like gods to me—and I a straggler somehow, far, far behind them—and my mind deluded by a loathsome illness. I pressed my hands to my eyes trying with all of my strength to remember something important . . . and terrible, that I had forgotten.

Neither of them spoke. Lyra took a white wafer from the crystal cabinet while Orion poured a sparkling liquid into a crystal goblet. These they handed to me. As I ate the delicately flavored wafer and drank the delicious beverage I felt renewed vitality and strength flow through my body and with it a dreamy languor of body and mind. Relaxed, I rested my head on the cushions. Lyra and Orion smiled upon me and the scintillating waves of golden light reached out from them and enfolded me in a warm, comforting glow.

"Sleep for a while, Neptune," Lyra murmured softly. Then the mysterious door appeared and they left arm in arm, leaving me alone. The light in the room dimmed and waves of soft, exquisite music flowed from the walls. I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

When I awoke light was streaming brilliantly into the room. One entire wall had miraculously vanished revealing an outer balcony. I sat up and looked out beyond the balcony upon an incredibly wonderful and fantastic world. It was radiant with light and yet there appeared to be a heavy moving cloudbank overhead. A kind of continuous sheet lightning flashed through the rainbow-hued clouds and the constant rumble of distant thunder was slightly louder. Also,

I saw brilliant slow-moving fireballs, bollides, vari-colored flares and showers of brilliant sparks.

I was puzzled for all of this phenomena did not seem at all familiar—as had so many other things in this world. I jumped up from the couch and ran out onto the broad balcony, marveling at the marvelous feeling of lightness and vibrant strength in my body.

What a glorious world I looked upon! A dream world—beyond the wildest flights of imagination. Ethereal, scintillating color everywhere. Fantastically beautiful buildings apparently constructed of a kind of crystal-plastic substance that quivered with continuously changing color tones. As I watched, windows, doors, balconies and stairs appeared and just as miraculously disappeared in the shining facades of the buildings. The grass, trees and flowers sparkled with living colors.

I caught my breath in awe. And yet, somehow, it was familiar—a world I had once known and forgotten. A few statuesque and majestically beautiful people were walking in the pedestrian lanes. Then I saw Lyra and Orion conversing with each other near a circular flower plot, almost directly below me. They both looked up and smiled, calling out a friendly greeting. I ran down and joined them

exclaiming, "What a magnificent world!"

"Do you remember it, Neptune?"

Lyra asked gently.

I hesitated, then replied, "Much is familiar, but other things are not. I can't recall the lightning and the constant thunder. And the horizon appears to be only about a mile distant and it should be I seem to remember it was almost limitless!"

For a moment there was silence. Lyra glanced at Orion and a look of deep pain crossed their faces as the golden waves of iridescent light about them changed to misty purple. I realized immediately I had said the wrong thing.

Lyra touched a crystal she held in her hand and the sound of the thunder was muffled until it was barely audible. Then drifts of exquisite harmony filled the air—the same incredible music I had heard in my trip in the saucer. Only here in this world each tone manifested in the atmosphere as waves of glowing color.

As I listened spellbound, Lyra and Orion sat down upon the grass and motioned for me to join them. When we were seated Lyra laid her hand tenderly upon mine and Orion put an arm about my shoulders.

Then Orion spoke, saying, "Time is a dimension as your scientists now correctly surmise. But it is

only a dimension when applied to the various densities of matter. In the Absolute Time is non-existent.

So let us say that in one of the Time frames, or dimensions, there once was a planet in the solar system called 'Lucifer'. It was of the least material density of any of the planets and its orbit lay between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Among the Etheric Beings, or heavenly hosts, it was the Morning Star. Among the planets it was the most radiant body in the heavens and its life wave was incarnated in the most tenuous forms of matter.

"The name of the Prince of this radiant planet was also 'Lucifer', the beloved son of God. Well . . ." Orion paused and the sadness deepened in his eyes. Then he continued, "Earth's legends about Lucifer and his hosts, are true. Pride and arrogance filled his heart and the hearts of many Luciferians. They discovered the secret of the Creative Word and sought to turn this omnipotent force against their brothers . . . against the Etheric Beings and against the Father, and to rule the universe. You know the rest of the legend—how Lucifer and his followers were cast down from their world. In simpler words, the Luciferians who were embodied in the least dense manifestation of matter, fell into embodiment in

one of the most dense material evolutions which is the animalistic evolution of earth."

I dared not look at him as his frightening words struck dark chords in my heart. "Then you mean that I . . . was one of them . . ." I said slowly as shamed tears of realization blinded my eyes.

"Yes . . . Neptune," he said gently, as both he and Lyra put their arms around me.

Waves of bitter shame and sorrow flooded over me as I realized the terrible truth of Orion's words. At last I said haltingly, "But Orion, you and Lyra and these others walking here in the garden—who are they?"

"We were among those who did not join the Luciferians in their revolt against the etheric hosts," he explained gently. "Thus although the Luciferians shattered our radiant planet in the holocaust of their war, we entered the etheric, non-materials worlds in the higher octaves of light, while the Luciferian hosts fell into the dream of mind in matter upon the dark planet of sorrows."

"But this world?" I asked in bewilderment, "Isn't it the world I half remember?"

"Yes, Neptune," Lyra said compassionately. "This is a tiny part of what is left of that world. You mentioned that many things were

unfamiliar such as the thunder and lightning and the nearness of the horizon. These conditions are new to you. For we are on one of the larger planetoids of the shattered planet Lucifer. It is only a few hundred miles in diameter—hence the nearness of the horizon. The thunder and lightning and constant play of colors in the atmosphere are the result of magnetic disturbances because of the close vicinity of other asteroids. The clouds you see above are not clouds as you know them upon earth, but they serve to obscure the drifting debris of our former planet. Only rarely do we leave our etheric state of being and enter our former time frame in individualized manifestations of the most attenuated form of matter, as you see us now."

I was stunned into utter silence and the deepest sorrow. I bowed my head as I thought of the magnificent world I had lost—the shining heritage I had cast away to become a bondsman chained in the steel-like dungeon of dense matter with its erroneous manifestations of sin, sickness, corruption, evil, decay and repeated deaths. Sobs wracked my body as I thought of my blinded, lost fellows of earth. At last I murmured hesitantly, "Then all of the peoples of earth have fallen from this former high estate?"

Orion shook his head slowly, "No, not all, Neptune, but vast numbers of earthlings are former Luciferians. About the others we will explain to you later."

Suddenly a terrible thought came to me, almost causing me to collapse in horror as I recoiled from it. Stark terror was in my eyes as I looked first at Lyra and then at Orion. I dared not voice what was in my mind.

Orion, discerning my thought, shook his head and his wonderful eyes radiated sympathy and understanding as he said, "No, Neptune—have no fear, you are not in reality Lucifer. In fact you are one of the Luciferians who least wanted to join the others."

Relief flooded over me leaving me weak and shaken, as I heard Orion's voice continuing 'Lucifer is presently incarnated upon earth, but we may not disclose to you his present identity. He has incarnated many times upon earth and every name is familiar even to grade school children.'

I sighed heavily, trying to comprehend all the shattering truths which had been revealed to me by Lyra and Orion. Rather incongruously then I remembered the phenomena of the flying saucers upon earth, which caused me to ask, "But if we destroyed your great planet why are your discs vis-

iting earth now—why did Astra contact me? Why don't you leave us to the fate we deserve—each one of us buried in his individual grave of living death?"

Lyra's hand gripped mine and Orion's arm tightened around my shoulders, "Love is stronger than life and deeper than the boundless depths of time and space," he said softly. "While our brothers are lost in the hell of unreality and turn their blinded, imploring eyes to the mute heavens, we can never forget them. We intercede unceasingly for your people's liberation. Thus today every bondsman upon earth has within himself the power through the mystery of the Christ to cancel his captivity. Eventually all of mankind, deep-drowned in time and matter, may surface to reality if they but recognize their basic unity of being. When man is for man honestly and sincerely and not selfishly arrayed against himself, the hour of deliverance from the underworld will be close at hand. We wait beyond the great, sad river of Time and Sorrows with open arms and hearts to receive our lost and prodigal brothers."

"Our discs, or saucers as earthmen term them, are in your space-time frame as harbingers of mankind's coming resurrection from the living death. Although our discs

are essentially etheric; that is, non-material, they are controlled in such a way that they can almost instantaneously attract atoms to any degree of material density necessary. Other space craft are also visiting earth. These are from other worlds of various densities of matter, but all are operated by intelligences which are highly spiritual in nature. All are on a mission of love to the Brothers of the Dark World, but mankind's understanding of their intent and purpose will only become apparent further along in earth's time dimension."

When Orion finished speaking there was silence. I sat with bowed head as realization of the full import of his words came to me. As Neptune, fleetingly restored to my lost timeless, deathless state, I saw that we of earth are in reality in an underworld of illusion where we mistake shadows for reality and dream false dreams of separateness for our brothers.

As these thoughts were in my mind the ringing of musical chimes sounded from the sea-green building. As though this was a signal everyone arose and entered the building. Orion led us to a large dining hall. Five men and five women were already there standing at their places at a huge table. At one end of the table was a cross

wing with three vacant places. Orion indicated that I should take the middle place while he and Lyra seated themselves on either side of me.

It was an exquisite room and although there appeared to be no direct source of light the room was brilliantly lighted as the substance and colors of the room and everything in it seemed to glow with a soft, radiant light of its own. Vaguely, I seemed to remember the other persons present and they spoke to me as to an old friend. It was soon apparent, however, that the conversation was for my sole benefit as it was obvious that everyone else exchanged thoughts telepathically. As they did so iridescent clouds of color about them changed swiftly in shimmering hues and patterns.

No servants waited upon the table. Yet it was laid out exquisitely with the most delicate plates and shimmering silverware. On each plate were three portions. A triangle portion of pale amber; a square portion of varying shades of green; and a round portion of lavender. The beverage was clear and sparkling in a crystal goblet. These strange delicacies were the most delicious and delicately flavored foods I had ever tasted. And the sparkling drink seemed to give immediate renewed strength and

energy.

When the splendid meal was finished and everyone was preparing to leave the table, I turned and looked at Lyra. Suddenly, I was fully aware for the first time of all her exquisite feminine beauty and loveliness. Involuntarily, a wave of desire for her swept over me.

She turned away from me and all conversation in the room ceased. I glanced hastily about; all of the others were standing silently with bowed heads. On an opposite wall I saw my reflection in a huge mirror and embarrassment flooded over me as I saw an ugly mottled red and black cloud enveloping my head and shoulders. I felt impure and unworthy to be in that shining assemblage. The others left quietly, but I had the comforting feeling of their deep sympathy for me and their understanding for my sudden human weakness. Also, I had the strong telepathic impression that sexual desire is merely another of the erroneous manifestations of materiality. Upon earth it is in itself neither wrong nor sinful except as it is used for selfish or destructive purposes. If motivated by love, altruism and unselfishness, the sexual appetite is no more erroneous than any of mankind's other desires. But in the higher spiritual worlds it is non-existent.

Orion touched my arm as we were leaving the hall. "We understand," he said kindly. "It is nothing, as you understand now."

I smiled gratefully at him. But I felt tired and very sleepy. He and Lyra accompanied me to my room where I lay down upon the couch. They sat beside me until I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke I was alone. I walked outside onto the terrace, but the grounds were deserted. For a long while I stood there alone on the balcony marveling at that fantastically beautiful world. Apparently it was a world of eternal youth, eternal spring and eternal day although the rainbow-hued clouds were always moving overhead shot with soft waves of sheet lightning and the far-away echo of thunder never entirely ceased. The trees, the flowers and the grass were miracles of color, fire and light which in comparison made the remembered counterfeits of earth seem like gross and dull shadows.

As I stood there marveling, I saw Lyra come out of the adjoining building. As she called a warm greeting I saw she was holding a small crystal object in her hand. When she joined me she said mysteriously, "This is the seventh earth day and through ourselves we shall take you back."

Her strange, beautiful eyes were upon me seeming to look through and beyond me. She did not address me either as "Neptune", or "Orfeo." For some unaccountable reason this saddened me for it made me realize that I was now a stranger and an imposter in THEIR shining world. Understanding my thought, she put her hand gently over mine and I saw a mist of tears in her eyes. Then she raised the odd crystal in her hand to her forehead. As though in magic response, a flood of exquisite melody arose from the sea-green building—not the ethereal music of their world, but a hauntingly familiar strain. As in a dream I recognized the stately melody of Albert Hay Mallote's musical setting of the Lord's Prayer. Tears flowed unrestrainedly down my cheeks for a half-remembered sad people who dwelt in a strange, shadowed region called Earth.

Softly she said, "You will remember this, Orfeo!"

The name sounded strange upon her lips—like the name of an utter stranger. I bowed my head in bitter regret for Neptune who was—and who now was not. And for the false shadow of Orfeo who is! Confused and perturbed I turned hastily from her and hurried into my room. Somehow I had the feeling that the secret of liberation

lay in the mysterious crystal panel near my couch. But as I reached eagerly for the controls on the panel, I felt a gentle restraining hand upon my arm. I turned and looked into Lyra's wonderful eyes shining with sympathy, compassion and purest love. My own heart swiftly responded. Then suddenly, miraculously we were as one being—enfolded in an embrace of the spirit untouched by sensuality or carnality. Intuitively I remembered that this was the embrace of the spirit — shared by all of those in the light of God's love throughout the entire universe. What tragedy, I thought, that I and my lost brothers of earth know only the counterfeit embrace of desire and animal passion.

At that moment Orion came in the door and as he stood transfixed his vibrant love too enfolded us in its pure, golden unselfish light. "Our lost brother is home at last," he said softly.

After a while Orion and Lyra seated themselves near the strange crystal control panel and I rested upon the lounge. Orion touched a crystal disc and immediately an entire wall of the room opened up into a huge three-dimensional void. The room darkened and I saw within the void a view into outer space. But all of space was shining with light; the

stars and suns glowed with a deep reddish glow and only the planets were dark. The scene was focusing upon an unfamiliar part of the heavens. A sun and a number of encircling planets were in view. Then the scene centered upon a single planet in this unknown solar system. It was a smug, sleek planet and apparently as efficient as a billiard ball. But it was exceedingly dark in tone and surrounded with concentric waves of darkness. A tangible vibration or emanation came from it — evil, unpleasant and utterly without inspiration or hope. Approaching this world I saw a glowing red dot with a long, misty tail. The fiery dot seemed irresistibly attracted to the dark world. The two collided in a spectacular fiery display. I felt Lyra's hand upon mine as she whispered, "It is an immutable Law of the Cosmos that too great a preponderance of evil inevitably brings about self-destruction."

The scene shifted to a different part of the universe. Another dark, misty world was in view, although it was not as dark as the first world. And about this world there was a vibrant feeling of life and hope. But again, I saw a fiery red dot approaching and it was evident that this world too was doomed. I shuddered to think what would happen. But then I beheld two

tiny dots coming forth from that world to intercept the fiery comet. Intuitively I realized that the dots were remotely controlled by intelligent beings who were concentrating the magnetic impulses of the dots upon the comet. Suddenly the comet apparently exploded leaving the world unscathed.

Once more the scene shifted and focused upon a third world. Obviously, this was an "in-between" world—neither as dark and hopeless as the first, nor yet as light and inspired as the second. To the left of this planet appeared another smaller body—I recognized it as our Moon and the planet as Earth. From the earth planet several tiny space ships went out to the moon and did not return. Then a tiny fleet of space craft went out to the moon—but these returned to earth.

Suddenly, terrifyingly, to the right of the planet earth, appeared the fatalistic, red, fiery dot. Swiftly, it increased in size leaving behind it a fiery tail of flame. It was evident that the comet was being drawn irresistibly toward earth. Neither Lyra or Orion spoke, but a strange voice said, "In the time dimension of Earth it is now the year 1986."

As I shuddered and waited anxiously, the portentous scene slowly faded from the screen. I turned

excitedly to Orion, "But what happens to earth?" I implored him.

Orion and Lyra both looked compassionately at me as Orion gently replied, "That depends entirely upon your brothers of earth and their progress in Unity, Understanding and Brotherly Love during the time period left them between the so-called Now and the year 1986. All spiritual help possible will be given to them, not only by ourselves but by others in the universe. We believe that they and their world will be saved, but in no time frame, or dimension, is the future ever written irrevocably. If their planet is destroyed it means another fall for the entities of earth into even denser meshes of materiality and unreality. As you love your brothers of earth, Orfeo, fight to your dying breath to help them toward a world of love, light and Unity."

With those awful and awesome words, he got up and slowly walked from the room, leaving me alone with Lyra.

She smiled gently into my eyes and touched the mysterious crystal panel. Immediately the incredible, huge, three-dimensional screen became active again. But no longer were we looking into the boundless depths of space and time. Instead, I saw the familiar outlines of the Lockheed plant in Burbank.

There was the shop in which I worked. Then the scene shifted inside the plant—I saw the radomes and my working companions Dave Donnegan and Richard Butterfield. An unpleasant sensation came over me as though I were fainting . . . as though I were fading into the huge screen and becoming an active part of the scene I was viewing. Terrified, I turned to call to Lyra, but she was no longer there . . . only a mist. Then I blacked out!

My next conscious perception was my strange "awakening" on the job at Lockheed with all of my incredible experiences of those seven days seemingly utterly obliterated from my mind.

Oh, as I lay there beneath the stars that night, it was all suddenly crystal clear to me. My bewildered, frightening awakening upon earth. My sudden terrible revulsion with everything I saw upon earth as compared with the wonder world I had left, although as yet only my subconscious mind understood.

I remembered my fellow workers, Dave Donnegan and Richard Butterfield and their reactions to my strange behavior and sudden, apparently unreasoning outburst. In the greater scope of my new understanding I realized how nobly they had caught me up and sus-

tained me by their own strength through those critical moments of my "awakening". It was so clearly evident to me then that both Dave and Richard had the same basic inherent qualities of goodness and nobility as those godlike beings of that other world. They are both simple, humble men—average workers like myself—and yet POTENTIAL GODS! If only they and others like them KNEW and could REALIZE their DIVINITY—their kinship with God and the greater world of TRUE REALITY! If every man and woman upon earth could but grasp the great essential basic truth that WE ARE ALL ONE AND AN INTEGRAL PART OF GOD, then indeed all of mankind's difficult trials and bitter tribulations would be over. If only in the abstract we could momentarily attain this illumination the heavy chains of material bondage would fall from our burdened bodies and our coun-

terfeit world of darkness would vanish in true light.

Today, I believe with all my heart, soul and body in my brothers of earth. Because of the innate goodness, honesty, nobility and helpful fellowship of the countless other men and women like Dave Donnegan and Richard Butterfield, my undying faith in and love for humanity is forever instilled. Even though our greater brothers of that shining, lost, wonder world should offer to take me back to my former place among them, I should have to refuse. My lot is forever with my fellows of earth! I will fight courageously with them and for them in the undying belief that the good in our hearts will triumph over the evil. In the conviction that every human being upon earth trapped in Eternity and granted only one small awareness at a time, will be liberated from the prison of unreality and attain again his great lost heritage.

The Star That Moved

ON a clear night in February of 1918 I stood watching what I thought to be the evening star. The object left the sky and passed below the mountain top which was high above eye level, traveling steadily to within three feet of me, then stopped.

How long it remained I cannot tell although the memory of it has not dimmed with the years (I was out of the house approximately ten minutes). It then retraced its course to its original position.

*Dorothy Martin
Oak Park, Ill.*

The INNER CIRCLE

Mark Probert is the most amazing medium in America today. The editors of Mystic have secured the exclusive rights to present actual seances by Mark Probert, in which his controls will answer questions put to them by our readers.

These seances, recorded on tape while Mark Probert is in trance, are transcribed just as spoken. Unfortunately the printed word cannot carry the dramatic impact of the recorded tape, which is awesome and thrilling.

Send your questions in today, according to instructions given at the beginning of this article. If your question qualifies, it will be answered.

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Featuring:

PROFESSOR ALFRED LUNTZ

In earth life, Professor Luntz was a clergyman for the High Episcopal Church of England. He was born of German and English parents, and attended Eton School for Boys, Heidelberg University in Germany, and Theological Seminary at Oxford.

RAMON NATALLI

Born in Rome, Italy, and lived at the time of the great astronomer, Galileo, in whose footsteps he followed.

YADA DI SHI'ITE

Lived 500,000 years ago in the ancient civilization of Yu, in the Himalaya mountains. He was a priest in the Temple in the city of Kaoti.

HOW TO PRESENT YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE INNER CIRCLE

The following instructions were dictated by Professor Alfred Luntz and Yada Di Shi'ite:

Questions will be answered on the following:

1. Things of a philosophical nature.
 - a. Religion.
 - b. Reincarnation.
 - c. Life after death.
2. Scientific subjects.
3. Origin of Matter.
4. Ancient History.
5. Current Events.

No answers will be given to questions pertaining to healing or diagnosis.

Please type or write plainly on one side of the paper only, and address your questions to THE INNER CIRCLE, c/o MYSTIC Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin. No questions will be returned, and all published questions and answers become the exclusive property of Irene and Mark Probert.

Editorial Note

As this page goes to the printer, no answers to questions are as yet available, because of the fact that Mark Probert and his wife, Irene, are on tour throughout the East, giving trance demonstrations and holding group seances. However, as this is written, they are due in Chicago on June 29, and will give a special seance for the benefit of readers of MYSTIC in the Chicago area at the offices of MYSTIC and FATE, in Evanston, Illinois. At this seance, or at another held privately for your editor, questions sent in last issue by readers (and there were many!) will be answered, and although it may not be possible to meet the printer's deadline in this issue, we may succeed in doing so. Therefore, if you find no answers following this page, you will know that we did not meet that deadline. In which case, they will appear in our December issue.

Although on tremendously short notice, your editor arranged for this special seance, and sent circular letters to the subscribers in the Chicago area. There was no time for any other publicity, and if you missed the seance, we are truly sorry.

HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC MIRROR

By Ray Starr

In Medieval times, there were such things as magic mirrors! The old witch Queen who looked into her mirror and saw Snow White was no character out of fiction—her mirror was real; and because she used her mirror for evil, she came to no good end. Today we call it clairvoyance — and here's how to make a magic mirror to aid your clairvoyant powers!

IN the old and musty volumes of the alchemists and medieval makers of magic, we come upon many strange formulae and diagrams with specifications on how to invoke spirits, cast spells and work wonders. Most of these writings, however, are not to be taken literally, as their true meanings are hidden by symbols. Thus, unless one is familiar with the occult symbolism of the secret brotherhoods, the directions in the Books of Magic read like the grossest superstitions and sheerest nonsense.

Actually the alchemists spoke a highly spiritual language all their own. They merely used material

objects to symbolize spiritual ideas in order to keep their secret wisdom safely hidden from a profane world. Thus today it is commonly believed that the great purpose and aim of the alchemists was to discover the secret of transmuting baser metals into pure gold. In the language of the alchemists, however, baser metals symbolized base, unregenerate, material man and gold symbolized the gold of spirit, or the divine, spiritual man. In the light of this understanding the true aim of the alchemist was to change carnal, mortal beings into spiritually perfected men.

But not all of the secrets of the

alchemists were obscured by symbolical language. In several of the old volumes on magic we discover detailed instructions for making what is called a magic or mystic mirror. This magic mirror of true magicians, it is said, has been used for many years by those seeking to develop clairvoyant ability. The old manuscripts claim that sincere and regular use of the mirror will lead to clairvoyance even in those who are not naturally psychic.

But, the magicians caution, do not make a magic mirror if you have evil in your heart; or, if you are seeking clairvoyance to use it for base purposes. Do not make a magic mirror if you are leading an evil or highly sensual life. If, however, you have a great and sincere desire for spiritual wisdom and understanding; if your heart is pure and your motives honest and worthy, you may make a magic mirror and no harm can come to you from its use.

Here are the instructions as they would apply today: First, you secure a small, oval-shaped, concave piece of glass which may be purchased from a glass store. It should not be over nine inches long or six or seven inches wide. Any smaller size will do. But it must be concave and preferably oval in shape.

Next, from a paint store you order a small can of asphaltum, a blackish, thick, bitumenish substance which was once used for coating the backs of mirrors. Also get a new small paint brush.

Now that you have the necessary materials, you wait until a night when the moon is full (it is claimed by occultists that the full moon exerts a powerful influence upon mankind). Then in the privacy of your own room you place the glass convex side up upon a table. Open the can of asphaltum, dip the brush into the liquid and cover the entire back (convex) surface of the glass with asphaltum. Do this slowly and carefully until the back of the glass is well coated.

Next you make passes over the coated back surface of the glass with the flat palms of your hands. These passes should be made about an inch from the glass. As you make the passes you will feel the palms of your hands growing cold as though fanned by a cold breeze. According to the old manuscript, this sensation is caused by the asphaltum absorbing some of the magnetic aura of your body (asphaltum, it is written, is one of the very few substances in the world having this property).

After you have given the glass the first coating of asphaltum and

made the necessary passes over it with the palms of your hands for about five minutes, you put it away to dry where it will not be discovered or disturbed by anyone else. It is preferable to have a small box for this purpose and in which you can later keep the mirror. As the asphaltum is a heavy, black, sticky substance it will take several days for it to dry thoroughly.

One week later, on the same night of the week and at the same hour, if possible, you again take out the glass and apply another coating of asphaltum, making the passes for about five minutes etc, just as you did before.

This entire procedure is repeated once more one week later for the third and final time. When the last coating of asphaltum has dried thoroughly, you then have a magic mirror made in accordance with the adepts instructions. The concave, inner surface should appear as a smooth, polished black mirror.

Next you should decide upon how many nights a week you wish to use the mirror. Once, twice or three times a week, but not more than three times to start. Try and maintain a regular schedule and at the same hour, if possible.

Use the mirror only in the privacy of your own room and tell

no one about it. When you are ready to use the mirror see that all of the shades are drawn and the room is as dark as possible. Seat yourself in a comfortable chair and hold the mirror with both hands a comfortable distance from your eyes. Look into it and concentrate first upon a single spiritual thought or object; such as a verse of Scripture, the idea of Christ, Budda, etc. Then as you continue to gaze gradually try and still your mind and if possible stop all thought and make your mind a blank. This is not easy and it may require many attempts before you can blank your mind for even a few seconds. But if you persist in your efforts, you will find that it is possible to control your thoughts. After a time, the old manuscript promises, you will begin to see various phenomena in your magic mirror.

One of the first signs of success is the appearance of mystic lights within the mirror's depths. A sudden brilliant light may appear and apparently shoot across its surface; or many tiny lights of various colors may appear quickly like tiny stars. Frequently the lights are followed by visions in the mirror, or it may induce clairaudience and the singing of birds or strains of music may be heard. As the clairvoyant faculty is thus developed,

it should become your chief aim to get the ability under the full control of your will. That is, as soon as the visions begin to appear, you should begin at once to exercise your will and will to see what you wish to see. At first it is best to *will* to see simple objects such as a tree, a rose, etc. But as these objects begin to appear clear and well defined apparently within the mirror, you may begin to will to see distant scenes, former events, and ultimately even that which is to occur in the future.

But again the warning is repeated in the musty tome, never use the magic mirror for base purposes; your motives and desires when using the mirror should always be pure, for otherwise the mirror may become an instrument of black magic and permit malevolent forces to influence you.

Also, no other person should ever touch or even see your mirror. When not in use, keep it wrapped in a piece of soft cloth (velvet, silk, etc) and in a special box. If ever you cease using it, it should be broken and the pieces burned. These are the instructions given in the ancient book of magic. The author makes no claims for individual results to be obtained—but it is known that many persons have developed clairvoyance through use of the magic mirror.

THE MAGIC BAG

Dictated by

The Inner Circle

to

MARK PROBERT

A Manuscript Received Clairaudiently by this famous medium. Discourses by the following: Lo Sun Yat; Professor Alfred Luntz; Arakaski; Ramon Natalli; Lao-Tse; Yada Di Shi'ite; Maharajah Natcha; Michael Faraday; Thomas Carlyle; Martin Lattimore Lingford; Ali Ben Casi; Kay Ting; and Dr. Sakuto Nikkioi, and including such subjects as: Earth's Age; Creation; The Ethereans; Mind Force; Time, Space and Consciousness; Death and Reincarnation; Nature of the Cosmos; and many more.

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BLOODY MACBETH

By

Converse E. Nickerson

To tell the truth, the editors do not know if this is a true story. In fact, we suspect it is not. But until we hear further from our author, we will place the matter in abeyance. We present it, however, for your perusal, for it is a chilling illustration of your editor's own conviction that such things do happen!



THE realm of the supernatural has always interested me.

Perhaps it is a kind of an eerie fairyland. Be that as it may, I am earnestly interested, and I give to that interest a zeal I seldom bestow on any other subject. My profession of the stage of course is a practical accomplishment as well as an artistic one.

Tales of ghostly visitation are set down in the sagas of every nation. Sometimes they are listened to, though usually they are regarded as the wild imaginings of an overwrought mind.

I have sometimes thought that

this world of the visible in which we now exist is but an anteroom of the great reality which is spirit. All the things which we view are the expressions of an Infinite Mind. Those improvements that we call inventions have had their image first in the minds of those who invented and brought them into expression. All this is evidence of another world of thought, and of life, and of expression. Then, shall we not believe that there are times when the realities of that other life blend into this material one, and so make themselves visible and felt here in this

material expression in which we now live?

Shakespeare has written:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

I think I can fully subscribe to that statement.

An experience that is indelibly stamped upon the tablets of my memory occurred during the early days of my stage career. I was then privileged whether by an evil fate or otherwise, to sit in on a spectral drama. The shadow of the supernatural formed the backdrop of the setting. The principals of the drama were enacted, I believe, by beings from another world.

I had been filling a two weeks' starring engagement at the Cheltenham Theatre in a little town about fifty miles from London. We were presenting a series of the plays of the great Elizabethian master Shakespeare. Included in the list were Hamlet and Macbeth. The gloomy Dane stalked the boards and philosophized about life and eternity. Macbeth, majestic and crime-swathed, did his horrid deed and wrestled with his conscience. I had tried to live these two historic beings with all the intensity of my art and being. The ghost of Hamlet's father, as

I impersonated and played the fated son, seemed in reality to be a visitor from the world of shades. In a very real manner I felt the chill and dampness of the old grim castle of Glamis as I guided the footsteps of bloody Macbeth through its haunted chambers.

The theatre was old and musty. This added flavor to the atmospheres of the plays. From almost any nook, or around any corner of its interior one could easily expect to see a ghost. A haunting fear of some spectral assassin's hand reaching out from the shadows often came upon me whenever I was alone there.

In the town I heard vague whispers and intimations of the strange and unusual happenings which were said to transpire at Cheltenham Theatre. A misty form had sometimes been seen at night near the outer stage entrance. It fled away as furtively as did the ghost of Hamlet's father before the mists of the coming dawn.

An old Scotchman, named Mac-Feelan was stage-manager and sort of property man about the place. He had quite a reputation for being interested in the doings of spirit seances. Like many of his race, he seemed to have the gift of psychic powers. In fact it was told of him that could cause a ta-

ble to float in the air; he could make lights suddenly appear in the darkness, and some had seen a ghostly hand laid upon his shoulder. He said little about these manifestations and kept rather closely to his work. But all around him dwelt an air of mystery.

The little room at the back of the stage was his sanctuary. It was really a trumpery room. Here MacFeelan occasionally held forth in his hours of meditation and spectral conjecture. I am sure it could have told wild and hair-raising tales had it possessed voice and tongue.

But worse than all this, rumor had it that MacFeelan had once slain an actor in a fit of frenzy. The circumstances of the crime had been such that no direct charge of guilt could be lodged against MacFeelan, and so the whole affair had lapsed into a haze of doubtful memory.

MacFeelan had some talent for the stage and sometimes he had been known to render even the role of Macbeth with good effect. He had weirdly claimed that such talent was none of his own, but that an overshadowing spirit presence had made it possible for this successful rendition.

It was true that some spirit control seemed to envelop him at such times. Then his whole stature

seemed to increase and his face would take on distinct outlines other than those of MacFeelan. The personation, or whatever it was, could have been the effects of the control which spirit familiars are said to exercise over the mediums who lend themselves to such experiences. But MacFeelan had been known to do such things!

Whatever were the true facts of all this, the events I am about to relate were startling enough. My hair is somewhat whiter now, and my nerves are less steady because of what I witnessed that night. Perhaps I was granted a peep into the regions of the damned in another world. Surely a vision had been granted me that has advanced my education in psychic matters and made me tolerant of even the wildest claims of the occult.

Our bill on that evening had been "Macbeth." My acting, as I thought, had been particularly effective. In the murder scene when Lady Macbeth cruelly taunts her spouse goading him on to murder King Duncan, I had submerged myself so deeply into the character of the scheming and ambitious Macbeth as to feel within my own being all the chill horror of the crime I was about to commit!

After the final curtain, when the stage company had departed, I lingered. I could feel a dull sense of

something unearthly in the atmosphere. Deep shadows hung around. The dim light used as a taper for the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth still burned on the little table in the wings. The very properties of the scene—chair, bench, and doorway—all seemed to take on a sepulchral and prophetic air. Something which I could not discern was hanging pendant over all the place.

Strangely fascinated, I dropped into a nearby chair to rest and observe.

I still wore the costume of the play, and it needed little imagination for me to see Banquo or 'the three witches' peering at me through the shadows.

I had been seated scarcely ten minutes when I heard the sound of an opening door just back of my chair. To my utter surprise MacFeelan entered dressed for the role of Banquo. There was a wild look in his eyes and he nervously clutched at the sleeve of his costume. He then proceeded to drag forth the long banquet table that is used in the ghost scene of Act Three. Next, he arranged the chairs and the throne disk.

A hatchway just to the left of the stage slowly opened with no visible hand to guide it. Then, silently and slowly, emerged the ghostly forms of several characters

of the play. Lady Macbeth, beautiful though hard of visage, gowned in a resplendent grey and white robe, took her place at the right of the throne disk. Macbeth, with glittering eye, strode majestically to the throne; Lennox and Ross followed and took their places nearby.

MacFeelan stood aside and seemed to study them as they moved. His face was distorted and his eyes gleamed with a wild delight. Interest, mingled with some horrible and fantastic emotion, held him in its mysterious power.

Macbeth began his opening lines of the scene:

"You know your own degrees;
sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome,
etc."

Something in the voice and accent of the speaker caused me to thrill with a twist of memory. The peculiar voicing of his opening words brought to my mind a vague feeling that I had seen that actor and heard him read those lines somewhere before! Could it be possible that once in London—it was he! It was Valbegan the great dramatic star of days gone by! Yes, Valbegan, the man whom MacFeelan had murdered!

What could it all mean? Why this visitation of the spirit? Had

the ghost of the dead Valbegan returned to wreak vengeance upon the head of MacFeelan?

I had heard of such things. Did not the ghost of Hamlet's father return to direct the young Hamlet in his act of retribution?

One of the murderers of the play — a rough groomsman — entered and whispered to Macbeth.

"There's blood upon thy face," terribly uttered Macbeth.

The murderer replied, "His throat is cut. That I did for him!"

I saw MacFeelan edge nearer the scene. He held a drawn dagger in his hand and the muscles of his face worked convulsively.

"Thou art the best o' the cut-throats," meaningly muttered Macbeth.

Of all the ghostly characters there assembled, Banquo alone was absent. In his place was the living Banquo—MacFeelan! All seemed to be by sinister design, prearranged by Valbegan and his ghostly crew.

MacFeelan's face was deathly pale as he slid into the vacant seat at the banquet table.

Macbeth now left the throne disk and seated himself beside Banquo. The scene was all in order as we had played it many times. A dramatic tenseness quivered in the air. As I looked at MacFeelan, in his character of the

dead Banquo, I saw a ghastly red gash appear across his throat, and from this blood seemed to be flowing. His eyes rolled vacantly in their sockets.

Macbeth's gaze was on him. With a whining and terrified tone, the spirit of Valbegan seemed to spit forth the lines.

"Avaunt! and quit my sight.

Let the earth hide thee,

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with.

Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!"

With these words the whole scene seemed to fade away. Then I heard footsteps rushing away toward the stairway that led to the corridors below. The stage was empty and silent.

Rousing from the spell of what I had just witnessed, I seized the taper and ran to the stairway. My foreboding was of the very worst.

As I reached the top of the stairs I heard the dull thud of the sound of something falling on the steps below. Then MacFeelan gave a shrill cry that froze my blood. I was at his side in a moment and, with lifted taper, peered into his face.

There he lay stretched upon the floor, one arm thrown across

the step. A dagger, dripping with blood, was clutched in his hand. There was 'no speculation in those eyes' and a red gash showed luridly across his throat, the blood streaming down over his breast.

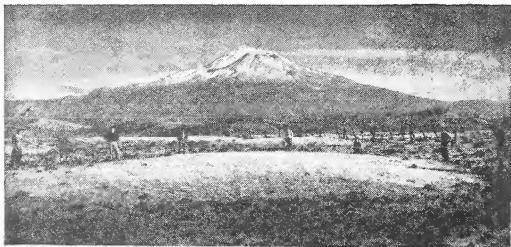
MacFeelan was dead!

Had he done the deed himself? Had fear and desperation, swayed by some ghostly hypnotic thrall in the person of the disembodied Val-

began guided him to this ghastly end?

The world will never know or ever believe. Yet from the evidence of my senses that night upon the stage of the Cheltenham Theatre I am convinced that there is a justice of retribution that is sometimes in the hands of the spirit world!

THE END



MOUNT SHASTA'S STRANGE CIRCLES

Obviously not natural formations, do they tell of a lost race of Atlanteans?

Through more than a century the story of the inhabitants on Mount Shasta has persisted. Their hoary legends cling to the icy slopes of the old volcano, and there are strange tales of immortal men descended from the Lost Continent of Atlantis. Occult clans have formed

and flourished about Shasta City, and died away. But debunkers never have been able to laugh off one incontestable phenomenon which is evident to every eye, the mysterious Siskiyou Stone Circles—nor has science been able to explain them.

WINGS

AND A VISION

By

Waldo T. Boyd

DURING the phase of the Great War often called the Second World War it was almost as common to hitch-hike a ride by air as to thumb a ride across the city in a passing jeep. At the time I learned first hand the intricacies of hitch-hiking by air, the war had but a month to go before the atomic bomb snuffed it out like sand on a campfire.

I had spent most of the war in Sydney and rotation had just decreed that someone else must come from the States and take my place. I protested fruitlessly, and found

myself with travel orders in my hands and the prospects of weeks on the water in transport ships and oil tankers. Somebody suggested I try my hand—or to be more exact, my thumb—at flying.

It was incredibly easy. I left Mascot Field that same day and spent the night with a pilot and crew seeing the sights in Townsville. The next morning they flew me to Finschaven, New Guinea where I caught a ride across the island to the jumping-off place.

The weather socked me in there for almost a week, but one morn-

Many stories have come out of the war, and so very many of them are psychic in nature. It may be that the stress of war reacts on otherwise unpsychic persons and brings out a hidden ability all of us may have and not realize it—until in a moment of danger, we try to use it as a desperate last hope. This is what must have happened to our author, and the story he tells is a thrilling and inspiring one. Perhaps all of us should use our "inner eye" when we want to see something very badly—even when it isn't a matter of living or dying.

ing the sun shone through the tropical downpour, and I was on the field, bumming another ride.

A bomber pilot said okay, hop in. I did. He and his crew of five and a Black Widow on each wing tip took off with destination Pelilieu Island, a considerable hop from New Guinea. My orders required that I report to GHQ at Manila before proceeding stateside, and this seemed like a seven-league step in the right direction. However, the fun had only begun.

The weather was perfect. We flew formation V, the Black Widow escorts above and behind us. Radio weather reports were scanty, but one came through that it was all clear ahead, so the navigator lay out a Great Circle course for Pelilieu and we settled down for the long grind.

Suddenly, almost without warning, what looked like a harmless cloud ahead turned out to be nothing less than a tropical hurricane, complete with ice and snow. The man named Gold, a native of the Bronx and an accent I can remember to this day, said "Geez, fellers, we've had it!" He was radioman, and gunner, if I remember rightly.

He was right. It only took about 5 minutes for the wings to ice over so heavily we lost a thousand feet of altitude. To the right and left of us the Black Widows

had snuggled as close to the bomber as possible, like chicks running for the mother hen when it rains. Only in this case they kept scraping the wings of the bomber and endangering the whole lot of us, if things could have been any worse right then. You can't blame the pilots at a time like that. It's a heck of a feeling to be lost in a hurricane in a fighter plane!

The ice melted at 100 feet. That's right, 100 feet above the sea we bounced and tipped and rolled with the buffeting blows of that 100-mile-an-hour gale, rain coming down so hard that you could just barely make out the fighter ships on either wing.

For a long time we thought we saw the ship on the left just a little way further out than he'd been flying, and then we realized he hadn't been with us for a minute or two. He'd lost us!

But we didn't know where we were either. The radio compass was inoperative, and the radar was drowned out by a deluge of water leaking through an unpatched bullet hole in the ship's skin, badge of some past skirmish with a Zero. The navigator had nothing with which to take bearings except the sea below us, and water can be very angry-looking at a time like that. And darned un-cooperative!

We were lost, and we knew it. As

a passenger on the ship I felt keenly the extra weight I represented, and when the pilot sent his Mae West jacket back and ordered me to put it on, I felt like a ton of lead. I protested the jacket, but on a plane like on a ship, the captain's word is law.

"Break out the life raft and ready it for ditching," he said over the intercom, which by some miracle still worked.

I didn't know a thing about the insides of a plane, so I simply stood and watched the three crewmen who were in the same section of the ship as I place the yellow inflatable raft near the "hatch," in readiness for a quick toss out the door as the ship hit the water.

As I looked back on the whole situation later, I became quite amazed that I had had no fear whatever. Perhaps it all makes sense in light of what happened next.

The pilot spoke over the intercom again.

"Send the passenger up in the blister to keep a sharp outlook for land. You two guys take one side of the ship each and keep your eyes peeled. The other one head back aft and keep a watch out the tail gunner's blister. I'll give you all just one minute's warning if we have to ditch, so move fast if I give the word."

His voice sounded very hopeless, and yet with a strain of hopefulness in having done everything he could think of doing under the circumstances. The plane's wings were giving more than a foot—and if you don't think a plane's wings can flap, try a tropical hurricane and see! Thank God the engines beat a steady roar throughout the entire trip.

"I'll level with you," the pilot said when the men and myself had all taken their stations. "We're in trouble. We're lost and gas is getting low. So if you see any land, yell your lungs out."

But seeing land when visibility was about 50 feet was more impossible than, well, than anything in the whole wide world. But the water looked very, very black!

From the blister I could just barely make out the Black Widow on the starboard wing. I said a while ago I wasn't scared—I'll take that back; once he brushed our starboard wingtip, and I felt real, agonizing fear. But no damage was done.

I strained my vision ahead, through the plastic blister. Nothing. To the port and starboard, the same. To the rear, likewise. Just rain in sheets of water, and down to the right and left the waves were so high they brushed the prop tips as a "hole" sucked

us down and a "high" bounced us up fifty feet or so.

Finally, I thought, what's the use of staring ahead, or straining to see through this weather. Why not close my eyes and simply relax, and see if I could see land with spiritual vision.

For students of mysticism, I suppose this is all just an everyday exercise. But for me, who had never even heard of spiritual vision up to that time, it was nothing less than miraculous. I closed my eyes, leaned back against the machine gun as comfortably as I could, and *desired* to see land, wherever it might be.

I saw land! Bathed in bright sunlight, I saw an island, white in the sun, the like of which I had never before seen, since I had gone directly to Sydney from Hawaii for duty. I know now, of course, that it was a coral island. But try as I might, I could not gather any direction. I opened my eyes: the "vision" disappeared. So I closed my eyes and turned around, physically, until I had made a complete turn up there in the blister.

But the island of my "vision" remained dead ahead, so far as it in relation to myself was concerned.

About that time the pilot called to the crew and myself, to come up and prepare to ditch the ship. I clambered down and, not having a

microphone with which to answer him, tried to get one of the crew to tell the pilot I had seen land.

They were incredulous. But they told the pilot, and he instantly relayed the order to stand by for ditching.

Within five minutes, although in the intensity of our situation it seemed like fifty, we heard an exultant yell in the earphones.

"It's land, men! There's the most beautiful island I've ever seen, dead ahead!" The pilot's voice caught. "Say a prayer of thanks, everybody."

We did.

When we landed we got out and kissed the ground and pounded each other over the back and danced like madmen. The starboard Black Widow pilot and navigator came over and joined us. We suddenly sobered. We stood, looking back at the wall of black cloud slowly receding, and saying a silent prayer for the two boys who hadn't made it.

But out of that cloud, low down, near the water, the lost Black Widow suddenly appeared. The pilot didn't even circle the field. He simply landed as near the edge of that runway as he could.

There was rejoicing, but the experience I had had impressed the bomber crew rather profoundly. They took me to the Red Cross hut

for coffee and doughnuts, plying me with questions. Questions I couldn't answer.

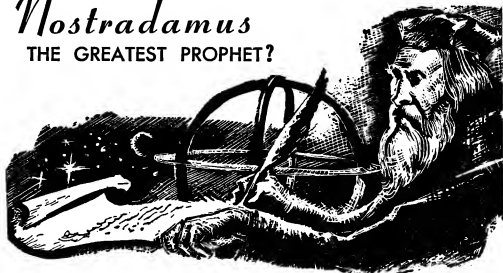
Because, to this day, I don't know how I was enabled to see that land ahead. And oh yes, when we broke out of that cloud and

into the sunlight, and found the island within a mile of us, it was exactly the same island I had "seen" with my "spiritual vision!" It was the first coral island I had ever seen.

THE END

Nostradamus

THE GREATEST PROPHET?



DID HE MISS THE BOAT ON WORLD WAR III?

As to the date of further warfare on a widespread basis, Nostradamus, according to calculations by judicial astrology, arrived at 1953 in Century I, Quatrain 16:

*The reaper (symbol of Saturn)
in the pond (watery sign)
Going toward Sagittarius in his
high point of exaltation
There is to be scourage, famine,
and death to military
A period of renovation ap-
proaches the century.*

In Century III, Quatrain 1:
*After combat and naval battle, the
Great Neptune (Britain and
the U. S. jointly)
Will be at his highest steeple
(supremacy)
The Red adversary will become
pale with fear
Putting the great ocean (the Paci-
fic) in a fright.
1953 has gone and either Nos-
tradamus or his interpreters, are
wrong. What do you think?*

Just what is Karma? For that matter, what is a "holy man"? Here, in this story by a holy man himself, we have one of the most lucid, most informing, most significant explanations we have ever seen. The question of Karma has always been one for hot argument, wherever and whenever the subject comes up, and many and varied have been the opinions. In spite of this, Karma is one of the most misunderstood subjects in metaphysics. Many people have a grossly distorted idea of the linkage between Karma and Justice—and upon examination, the belief of many in regard to Karma can be found to be anything but just—and it can even be found to be ridiculous. Here in this story we have a dual subject in great detail, and in addition, we have a great secret revealed. Many of us have asked what makes one man a holy man, and another man a "fakir"? We express no doubt that Ghandi was a holy man, but we do express a doubt that a man who holds his arms above his head all his life is one. Is he, or is he not? The answer is here!

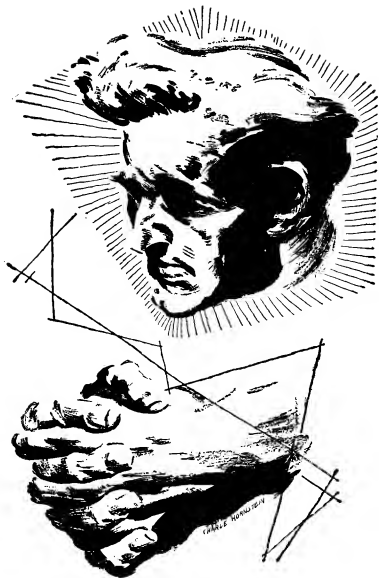
The HOLY MAN

By Sanandana Kumara

A HOLY man who, through ten thousand times ten thousand incarnations, had at last paid his karmic debt and was within hours of his last physical death and the beginning of the final journey to Nirvana, accidentally crushed an earthworm. With great sadness he watched the Kama Rupa of the lowly worm separate from the crushed protoplasm, knowing that he was now bound by the law of Karma to be the servant of this lowly astral entity un-

til the debt had been cancelled.

Speaking the language of nature which all creatures understand, the holy man with great patience and kindness made the worm to understand what had happened. Then he said, "You have two choices you can make. You are still so close to the bosom of Nature that as yet you have accrued no karmic debt. Therefore if you choose (since I am your servant through Karma) you may ascend with me to Nirvana, without the necessity of liv-



How long is the road to Perfection? What must we go through in Life to reach our Goal, whatever it is? And by what means can we lose our way?

ing ten thousand times ten thousand earthly lives. On the other hand, if you choose to re-enter life I cannot but help you until my debt has been paid, for until that time I am bound to you."

"What is choice?" voiced the worm. "What is ten thousand times ten thousand? What is debt?"

The holy man sighed. "It would not be possible for you to understand unless you were able to think, and to think you have to learn to think, and you cannot learn to think unless you obtain a brain which is a physical instrument found in man which can teach you how to think, much as your previous physical form taught you how to bore through the soft earth and eat it."

"Is thinking, then, similar to boring through the soft earth?"

"Very much so," the holy man agreed. "When one thinks, one bores through thoughts and eats them, nourishing one's spirit."

"I would like to do that," the worm said.

"You might not like it at all," the holy man said. "Alas, very few people like to do it. Almost none at all, in fact."

"Then they prefer to bore through soft earth and eat it?"

"No. That is distasteful to them also."

"But if they had a choice?" the worm asked.

"They would prefer to think."

"Then that is my choice."

"Don't be hasty," the holy man advised. "I have an idea "

"Is an idea a thought?"

"A sort of a thought. I can see that you won't understand until you have seen what thinking is like—tried it out for yourself. I am impatient to enter Nirvana, so the more quickly we can acquaint you with thinking, the sooner you will be able to choose what you wish for your future, so that my karmic debt toward you is paid off. So why not let you use a brain for a while and see how you like it? Unfortunately my own is so near death at this moment that it would be of little use to you. In fact, I think I will discard it and join you on the Kama-loka. There. Now it is done. I feel sad at discarding my body. I always do, for a few moments. I still retain my shape, just as you have retained yours. It's too bad that—" The holy man bit back what he had been about to say.

"What is too bad?" the worm asked.

"That you are unable to see," the holy man sighed.

"What is see?"

"I'll tell you what," the holy man said. "All those things can be

better experienced than explained. Not far from here there lives a village wise man whose brain is well equipped for thinking, and whose eyes are able to give you the experience of seeing. While I have been communing with you I have contacted him and explained my predicament. He has graciously consented to let you use his physical body for a short time so that you can experience what I have been trying to make you understand. Would you like that?"

For answer, the worm wriggled happily. Then the holy man picked it up and carried it in the palm of his hand as they began their journey to the village of the wise man. The journey was almost endless, for there were many along the way capable of seeing them and talking with the holy man, and to each the holy man told his story, knowing that if he neglected to tell even one living person who had asked to hear, and that person carelessly killed any living creature, it too would be measured against him.

When the worm grew fretful the holy man created damp rich soil from the substance of the Kama-loka for it bore into and to eat, for that was all the worm knew how to do as yet.

But eventually they reached the village of the wise man, and a sor-

ry village it was. Huts thatched with grasses, children with bellies bloated from malnutrition, adults stunted and starved looking from poor crops in the barren soil around the village.

The holy man made his way through the village to the temple where dwelt the wise man, and entered, still carrying the worm in the palm of his hand. At his entrance, the wise man gestured to the several villagers present, and they left the temple, crawling backwards on their hands and knees.

Huge bowls of steaming rice had been set before the village wise man. He was enormously fat and healthy. On his fingers were rings of gold with settings containing jewels. About his fat neck hung pearl strands and gold chains from which hung huge diamonds and rubies worth a fortune. About his middle was draped a loincloth. Each of his ears was plugged with a golden plug set with a ruby. His lips circled tightly another golden plug set with huge pearls. In each nostril was another plug of gold, but cleverly drilled with fine holes to permit breathing. And over his eyes were cups of fine gold.

WHEN the villagers had all departed he took out all the plugs, and took the gold cups from

his eyes. "You will forgive me while I eat these offerings of the villagers," he said graciously. "I doubt that the worm, to whom I have so kindly consented to lend my body and brain, will take quickly to eating rice — and it should be eaten while it is yet warm and palatable. So if the worm agrees"

"I doubt that I would care for warm rice," the worm agreed. "I like nothing but warm moist earth to eat. I may of course acquire other tastes as I go along."

The holy man and the worm waited patiently while the wise man gulped down the bowls of warm rice until there was none left. Then he sighed happily and burped contentedly several times. After that he replaced the earplugs of gold set with rubies, and the mouth plug set with pearls, and the nostril plugs with their almost invisible holes for breathing, and the gold cups over his eyes. When that was done he stepped aside from his fat body and stood beside the holy man, bowing very low several times with delight and welcome.

"Are you ready, worm, to try my body?" he asked.

The worm wiggled in anticipation, so the holy man and the wise man helped it settle down comfortably inside the brain where it would be the center of things.

It was several minutes before the worm began to catch on to the many new sensations. More than once it became confused, and the wise man helped it to get oriented. It began, experimentally, to try to think, and quickly caught on. It marvelled at words and how nicely they fit in with thoughts.

"How do you like it?" the holy man asked.

"I think I like it fine," the worm said in words. "However, I have become so exhausted by all these exciting new sensations that I think I would like to step out and rest in some moist warm earth until I feel strong and refreshed again."

The holy man formed some moist warm earth out of the substance of the Kama-loka and lifted the tired worm from the fat body of the wise man and placed it gently down. The worm bored into the earth and sighed happily. Soon it was asleep.

While it slept the wise man and the holy man sat discussing various interesting things. They also discussed the worm.

"It seems to have a natural talent for being human," the wise man said. "In my time I have seen nature spirits take possession of villagers, but they didn't catch on very well, handling their vehicle in such clumsy manner that it was

demented. I don't mind telling you I was a little doubtful of the wisdom of granting your request, but now I feel quite confident your worm could carry on quite well without me."

"I agree," the holy man said. "I am almost glad now that I accidentally crushed it."

"You know," the wise man said dreamily, "it would be nice if your worm could sort of take over here for me for a while. I've always wanted to take time out and attend one of the universities."

"It would indeed be an ideal setup for you if my worm could handle your routine business," the holy man agreed. "It would leave you time for much study and progress—and perhaps shorten your journey through life toward Nirvana by several incarnations."

"That would be nice," the wise man said.

"I would even go with you and see that you were assigned to the better teachers," the holy man said. "From what little I have seen here, you are doing your job very well, at every sacrifice to yourself. I'm all for you."

"Thank you," the wise man said humbly. "I have only tried to do what is right."

"Then it is settled," the holy man said.

"Provided that the worm still de-

sires to run my physical form when it awakens from its sleep," the wise man added wisely.

"Oh, I do; I do!" the worm said in the language of nature.

The holy man and the wise man suppressed guilty starts, wondering how long the worm had been awake.

"Then you feel that you like thinking?" the holy man smoothed things over.

"Very much. It is more varied than dirt. Each thought has a flavor all its own. Please, I am rested now and quite strong. May I return to your physical brain, oh wise man? I feel an intense hunger for thoughts that seem to increase, the more I eat of them."

The wise man and the holy man exchanged knowing glances. The worm did indeed seem to have a natural aptitude for thinking. Very gently the holy man lifted the worm and placed it inside the brain of the wise man while the wise man watched.

It was easy to see that the worm had digested the idea of thinking quite thoroughly while it slept, for now it seized upon each thought that came within reach with voracious appetite.

The wise man was very pleased. "He should do very well," he said to the holy man. "It matters not that he has no experience at ambu-

lation, for my physical form is already too fat for my legs to lift it even when I am in control, and the hands have little to do other than lift the many bowls of rice to my lips. Their movements are almost automatic. Moreover, if he finds any difficulty he has only to wish for me to come, and I will become aware of his desire."

"True," the holy man agreed. "How do you feel about us leaving you alone for a while, little worm—" The holy man's question was cut short at what he saw. The worm had discovered how to lift the golden cups from the physical eyes and was experiencing sight for the first time.

Chuckling, the wise man and the holy man stole softly away.

TOGETHER they began their journey toward the astral university in which the wise man wished to enroll. It was not far in actual distance, but along the way they met many old friends and acquaintances, and made many new friends. And to each they told proudly of the lowly earthworm, of how it had been accidentally crushed to death by the holy man literally minutes before he had been about to depart on the final journey to Nirvana, his Karmic debt wiped out, and of how the worm seemed to have such a natural apti-

tude for thinking. Everyone marvelled, and wanted to hear the entire story again and again, so that very little distance was covered each day.

At last they reached the base of the astral mountain atop which the university, a veritable city of buildings of breath-taking beauty rested. The astral mountain was anchored to the physical plane upon a foundation of low, rolling hills, and reared itself upward through layers of billowing white clouds into the clear blue of the sky. The road over which the wise man and the holy man would ascend to the university was of substance more dense than the rest, so that more than once under ideal conditions it had become visible to corporeal eyes as a shadowy transparency upon which even more shadowy travelers could be seen wending their way upward or downward. Consequently, here at the base of the mountain had sprung up a huge city with many schools of learning on the corporeal plane. More days were consumed here at the base of the mountain, and the holy man agreed to come down and give lectures in the various schools of meditation just as soon as he had enrolled the wise man in several good courses and seen that he had the very best teachers to instruct him.

Eventually they were ready to begin the last stage of their journey. They had taken leave of their many friends, new and old, and were at the outskirts of the city, within sight of the base of the roadway leading up the mountain—when disaster struck.

The wise man staggered as though mortally wounded. "My body!" he gasped. "Something has gone wrong! Oh, I knew it, I knew it, I should have never left it under control of an inexperienced worm, however much a genius he seemed to be!"

"We must hurry back and discover what has happened!" the holy man exclaimed, much agitated.

"We must indeed," the wise man said. Then he gasped in dismay. "Oh my!" he groaned. "A terrible thought has just occurred to me. We must *really* hurry."

THE little earthworm was only vaguely aware of the departure of the holy man and his friend the wise man. Physical sight was by far the most wonderful experience in its entire existence.

But what it could see was very limited. There was only the four stone walls, the floor, the ceiling, and the knees, upper chest, and arms and hands of the wise man's body. After a while the worm dis-

covered the golden eye cups and turned them over and over, wondering at the marvels of shape and dimension. These wonderings soon evoked new paths in the rich soil of thoughts emanating from the brain.

A faint sound impressed itself upon the seat of conscious awareness where the worm sat. The hands automatically picked up the golden eye cups and replaced them over the eyes, shutting off the marvel of sight.

The sounds that came now frightened the worm for some reason, so he waited until they were gone before removing the eye cups again. Something had changed. It took a while, but finally the worm knew what it was. The rice bowls were gone. And it had not consciously noticed them before.

A curiosity about what had caused the noises, and where the rice bowls had gone to, overcame it. It tried to get the enormous body to rise to its feet, entering idea channels not used for a long time. It was no use. The legs were not strong enough to lift such a weight.

But the worm was determined. It went deeply into the thought field opened up by the idea of standing up, and eventually came to the idea of crawling on hands and knees. There was some trouble, because the enormous belly

scraped the stone floor, but with great patience the worm made the body go as far as the archway where the eyes could bring to the brain the sight of the village and the many people around.

The worm understood nothing of what it saw. It was only later that things slowly filtered into some sort of sensible pattern. But by that time it had managed to return to the rice straw mat upon which the fat body always sat, and being tired from all the excitement, was ready to fall asleep. It wasn't even aware that it didn't miss the comfort of warm moist soil. Its new home was quite comfortable, and had a certain sensation of being warm and moist that would do.

The next day when the bowls of steaming rice were brought and set before the huge body, and the villagers had retreated, the worm became conscious of entirely new thoughts. The odor of delicious rice, the influx of digestive juices to the stomach, the flow of saliva into the mouth, the sensation of hunger.

Marvelling anew at the automaticity of the wise man's body, the worm watched the fat hands feed the mouth, and felt the warm rice begin to fill the stomach. Soon the worm felt the sensation of being quite full and not wanting to eat

another bite. It was a familiar feeling. As a corporeal worm it had often felt an identical sensation, and had always stopped and went to sleep.

It was much puzzled by thoughts that urged it to keep eating, but its own desires were stronger. Almost immediately it fell asleep.

It was awakened by strange sounds which its brain told it were the moanings of villagers. Such moans, another field of thought said, meant that they desired an audience, so that he must take off his eye cups and take out his ear plugs. He did so.

The sight of the half dozen villagers brought many strange thoughts into consciousness. One set of ideas said that the villagers were starved, their ribs showing plainly through thin skin. They did not get enough rice to eat.

The worm ignored their moans and gestured for them to eat the remaining rice. They trembled violently and motioned for him to eat it. He shook his head and heard his voice utter the words that conveyed the thought that they should eat and grow as fat as himself. But his invitation seemed only to make the villagers tremble the more.

Finally the worm had the wise man's body gesture for them to leave him. When they were gone

he spent all his time exploring a rich field of thoughts that gave him many ideas he liked very much.

He took out his ear plugs and his mouth plug and his nostril plugs. He knew they were worth much money, and the villagers were sorely in need of money and would do anything for it. He arrayed his riches in front of him. After a while he realized how much more comfortable he felt without all the plugs stuck here and there in his head.

He began to feel quite happy. The villagers were seemingly quite unhappy. He wanted them to be as happy as he was, and could hardly wait for them to come again so he could tell them of his plans.

The next day when they brought him his many bowls of steaming rice, he commanded them to sit down before him and eat with him. He ate only a little rice from one bowl. He coaxed and he argued and he commanded, but he could not get the villagers to eat one bite of the rice in the other bowls. Finally he decided they must be afraid to eat while in his presence. It made him unhappy, but to reassure them he gave the one that trembled most one of his ear plugs with its gem shining so brightly, and ordered them all to leave.

It was, he felt, a good beginning in making friends with the villagers. Soon they would all become as fat as he himself, and they would sell the gold and jewels for much money that would buy all kinds of things. Then everyone in the village would be happy with him. There were places far away where everyone was happy and had money to buy all kinds of things. The villagers had a right to be that way too.

During the night the corporeal ears of the wise man brought to the worm the sounds of much weeping and chanting in the village. When morning came all was quiet, but every once in a while a face would appear briefly in the entryway, to vanish almost as quickly as it appeared. Each time it was a different face, and each time the eyes in the face were very wide with fear.

At the regular time, several villagers entered the temple, bearing huge bowls of rice, twice as huge as before, and piled much higher than before with rice that steamed much more than previously. Only one of the villagers was not carrying a bowl of rice. This one crawled on his belly until he was within inches of the fat body of the wise man, then extended his hand, and there lying on the open palm was the ear plug. But now it was

resplendent with several jewels of different colors.

Suddenly the worm thought he understood. He directed the wise man's body to eat one bite from each of the huge bowls. Then he pushed the bowls toward their owners. When they didn't move to take them, he picked up all his head plugs and laid one on each of the bowls, keeping only the ear plug that the villager had given him. And to reward this villager, he gave him the largest plug, the mouth plug with its rows of pearls.

After he had commanded them to take their gifts and depart, he felt very happy. They would have much rice to eat now, and for himself, his body was quite content to feel hunger. It was a good feeling.

That night the weeping and travail that seeped into the temple were much louder. The next day none of the villagers appeared, but in late afternoon a little child stole timidly into view, carrying a very small bowl with just a little rice in it. The fat body of the wise man was quite hungry by now. It accepted the small portion of rice with words of gratitude. This made the child's eyes very wide with surprise, and very thoughtful.

The worm thought this a good time to tell someone its views on things. The ideas it had seemed

to be tied up with words that the child didn't understand.

Finally the child did a very strange thing. It picked up the empty rice bowl and threw it at the body of the wise man, then after looking at the wise man with wide eyes for the space of two heart-beats, turned and ran away.

For many days after that no one came into the temple of the wise man. It was very quiet all the time. The worm didn't mind. It was immersed in boring into a rich field of thoughts, devouring them one after another, savoring the flavor of each. Some of the thoughts were so tremendous that it made the worm dizzy to contemplate them. The body seemed dominated by a sensation of hunger, so he ignored the body sensations as much as possible. Other rich loams of thoughts fairly crawled with determination for him to eat of them.

Finally the hunger of the body stopped making itself felt. In its place was a feeling of new strength and energy. At the same time the body seemed to grow thinner.

One day the worm felt the irresistible urge to get the body to stand up, and discovered it could do so without much trouble. It stumbled and fell, but automatically picked itself up again and kept on toward the opening to the

outside.

The worm by now no longer thought of itself as a worm, but as the person whose body it occupied. The wise man. He had devoured many many thoughts. Truly he was now as wise as the wise man himself! Perhaps even wiser, because the wise man had permitted the villagers to starve, while he had plans that would make them all wealthy.

He stood in the arch of the temple reviewing his plans. There was little wrong with the soil in the fields except lack of fertilizer. With the money his gold and jewels would bring the villagers could buy tons of fertilizer, and several tractor plows and cultivators. Also the rice was inferior to several varieties. A hybrid rice could be discovered which would yield many more bushels per acre. With rich rice fields and modern equipment, the government might build a railroad spur to this village and then the villagers could export their surplus and use the money to buy more equipment, build modern houses, perhaps bring in electric power and start factories.

Schools to teach the children how to read and write would be a part of this great plan. Some of the graduates of the schools would go to higher schools of learning and become officials in

the government, and in their positions of authority they could see to it that more opportunities came to the village. In time it would swell to become a city!

The worm watched several children, almost naked and very dirty, playing in the street not far away. They didn't know yet what a wonderful future lay in store for them. Oh, they wouldn't like it at first. It would mean hard work. But in the end they would appreciate it, and thank him for all he had done for them.

The worm's newfound soul expanded with confidence and the feeling of power and wisdom. He deserted the protection of the archway and staggered down the street in search of adult villagers to acquaint them with his plans for them. His body was quite weak, he discovered. Nearly all its fat was gone from days of having nothing to eat. But part of his giddiness was from gladness for the villagers.

The first stone caught him completely by surprise. It hit him on the chest and broke a rib, and sent him staggering backwards. Almost immediately there was a ring of villagers around him, keeping their distance, but jeering at him. Another stone appeared out of nowhere and hit him on the leg, sending sharp pains along it.

"Wait!" he pleaded. "Listen to what I have planned for you!"

But his words were drowned out in the bedlam that broke loose. More stones rained upon him. Finally he had to forget his attempt to explain to the villagers and concentrate on running for his life.

He was bleeding in many places, and there were sore bruises all over him when he finally escaped into a field of tall grass and lay down and became very still.

Unhappiness overwhelmed him, and he wept. Finally he slept. When he awakened he was too stiff and sore to move.

That was where the holy man and the wise man found him.

"OH my," the wise man said, completely at a loss for words.

"What happened?" the holy man asked the worm, lifting it from the suffering body and comforting it.

Haltingly, forming the thoughts and the words without benefit of a brain to help it, the worm told them what had happened. And with each statement the wise man groaned and beat his forehead with his fist.

Finally the worm had finished his tale. Dumbly he looked from the holy man to the wise man and back again, and asked weakly, "What did I do wrong?"

"Everything!" the wise man exploded, then forced himself to be calm. In an aside to the holy man he said, "I guessed it the moment I knew there was trouble. It was my fault. I should have realized the worm wouldn't have a sense of discrimination. Of course it was just dumb luck that it stumbled onto that field of thoughts tied up with what I learned at the University of Washington when I went there for my Master's degree as an exchange student in my youth." He turned back to the worm and began to explain gently.

"You did just about everything wrong, little worm," he said. "In the first place, you should have eaten all the rice even if it killed you. For many years I have forced myself to eat more and more, until the very thought of rice made me turn inside out. But to have left one little grain would have been not only discourteous, but a warning of displeasure with the giver. Those people *starved* themselves to find the greater pleasure of giving their life substance to one who symbolized to them the path of wisdom. I had a hard time realizing that myself when I first came here years ago.

"In the second place, you should never have permitted them to see you without all your plugs in place. To them I am so wise that I must

keep my wisdom plugged up or it will spill out all over. There was a certain amount of fakery connected with that. For instance, I had to drill fine holes in the nose plugs so I could breathe. They didn't know about that, and thought I had no need of air. To them that only meant I was truly wise. They very seldom found anything that needed my wisdom to straighten out, and when they did it was generally so simple that an idiot could have given them the answer. But there was a common sense purpose behind the quackery of my position. But they have a hard life. They need to feel that it isn't purposeless, that their lives aren't completely wasted here. The presence of a wise man gave them a responsibility, a purpose in life. And my presence became a symbol of security to them. I can guess the dreams for them you had when you started devouring my memories of the United States with all its modern ways of doing things. I had those dreams myself once. They wouldn't work here yet. Such things don't spring up full blown, an island of civilization in a backward country. Why, my head plugs would never get across the robber infested country between here and a coast city to be sold. They would be stolen!

"When you gave one of the ear

plugs to one of the villagers as a gift, he could only think that you were displeased with it and were demanding that more jewels be found and put on it. Your only touching the rice given you was interpreted by them as a threat of dire consequences to the whole village if it were not done, and quickly! And when, the next day, you refused almost entirely to touch any of the rice, it was quite plain to the unhappy villagers that unless all the plugs were adorned with many jewels at once, they would not be permitted to eat another grain of rice until it was done. Oh, my poor villagers. I have sacrificed my every earthly desire to make them happy. And now look what has happened!"

"I am sorry your body is so bruised," the worm said sadly.

"My body is not what I am talking about!" the wise man said, starting to scream the words, then forcing himself to be calm. "It is the villagers I am worried about. They are cut loose from a purpose in life, from the security of being watched over by a wise man."

The holy man coughed discreetly and said to the worm, "Now do you see what I meant at the beginning about thinking? There is more to thinking than devouring thoughts. Those thoughts must be carefully digested and seasoned

with judgment and understanding."

"I think I begin to understand," the worm said humbly. It began to tremble in the palm of the holy man's hand. "Does it mean I'm through? Are you going to cast me down? Please, give me just one more chance. I could never return to just eating dirt, much as I love its taste. I have learned to think. You even said I had a natural aptitude for it. Maybe I could learn judgment and understanding also—if I had another chance."

The wise man shook his head. "Not here, I'm afraid. It will take me a year and many miracles to restore the villagers' faith in me. Until then they will feel insecure, waking up in the night with the memory of terrible dreams, falling victim to any disease that comes along, being accident prone . . ."

"Please," the worm pleaded. "Perhaps if you stayed around and coached me a little before you left I could catch on better."

"You really desire another chance?" the holy man asked the little worm sadly.

"Oh, yes!" the worm exclaimed.

"Then I must see that you get it, since I am your servant until my Karmic debt to you is paid. Fortunately the wise man consented of his own free will to assist us, or that debt would be hope-

lessly great now. Hmm. I wonder. There is a village to the south where the villagers are more enlightened. The wise man does not have to eat too much rice, and the villagers do not have to starve. I will make you some warm moist soil of the material of the Kamaloka in which you can bore and eat to your heart's content while I help this wise man repair the damage you have done. Then we will go south and seek the assistance of this other wise man."

IT was many days later that the holy man announced to the worm they were free to leave for the south. "The wise man is restored to his position in the village," he said. "Actually, it wasn't too difficult. The villagers were already half convinced that not having one of his earplugs in for a whole day had caused so much of his wisdom to leak out that what followed was inevitable."

"I'm very glad for him," the worm said, as they started out.

"Of course, it will be some time before the wise man's position is as secure as before. He caused a blight to strike the rice crop that is about ready to be harvested. That was for the purpose of convincing the villagers they will be sufficiently punished for having stoned their wise man. While they

subsist on grasses and roots and the bark of trees, and watch the wise man daily grow more fat again on their small supply of rice, they will find the inner security that comes only when we have paid for our sins."

"It makes me feel very humble," the worm said, "to realize anew how much there is to eating thoughts and digesting them properly." It wriggled excitedly in the palm of the holy man's hand. "I have been waiting until you came so I could tell you," it said. "I've been thinking. It was as you said, the brain I sat in taught me how to think, a little bit. Of course I could never think as well as such a wonderful corporeal machine as that brain though."

The holy man smiled fondly at the worm. "I doubt that it is really thinking," he said. "You observed the thinking going on in the wise man's brain, and you got a smattering of an idea of what is thinking. What you have probably been doing is *think* you are thinking, when in reality—"

But wouldn't that be the same thing?" the worm asked humbly.

The holy man blinked at it startled for a moment, then shook his head. "Not quite," he said. "Perhaps I should have said you *felt* you were thinking. Many people, even those with very good brains,

fall into the error of feeling that they are thinking. At sometime or other perhaps they did a little thinking, and while they were doing it they of course became acquainted with the way it feels to be thinking. At other times they have the same feeling, and assume that because they have that feeling they must be thinking. Do you understand? I'm trying to make it very simple for you. Thinking does create a feeling of thinking, but having a feeling of thinking does not create thinking."

The worm's excited wriggling had slowed down and come to a complete stop. "I think," it said, "that is, I feel that you must be right, because I am sure I could never do thinking like that." But its excitement returned. "Would you like to know what I—I felt that I thought while you and the wise man were busy getting the villagers straightened out?"

"If you wish to tell me," the holy man said.

"Well," the worm said, "I felt that I thought the wise man is perhaps the greatest worm in the whole existence."

"I see," the holy man said slowly.

"Of course," the worm added hastily, "I feel that I realize that I am only a beginner at thinking. But I felt that that was pretty

good. I felt it this way. He has bored through some very big mounds of thought, and has eaten some thoughts that I could not even begin to swallow."

The holy man's lips quirked imperceptibly, but he kept a straight face. "That is very good for a beginner," he said. "However, the trouble is not so much with the size of a thought when you swallow it. The big trouble with thoughts is that after you swallow them and begin to digest them, they get bigger and bigger."

"And longer and longer," the worm said. "That's the way I feel it is about swallowing a thought. It's like swallowing a little knot on the end of a string. But that's what is so fascinating about thinking. Even now, when I probably don't think, but only feel that I am thinking, I can feel that I am thinking about thinking, and I can also feel that I feel that I am thinking about thinking. Dirt was never like that. You just ate it and that was that. Like the wise man's body eats rice."

"Perhaps you are right," the holy man said. "Ahead by the side of the path I see an old student of mine. We must stop and tell him all that has happened . . ."

ALTOGETHER it took five days to make the thirty mile

journey to the village in the south. "I'm sorry I delayed our journey so tediously," the holy man said as they came within sight of the village. "But if I had neglected to tell one person who saw us and asked for my story, and that person had later killed any living thing because of my carelessness, it would have been added to my Karmic debt. However, here we are."

They progressed through the village, unseen by all except two or three small children who ran away.

"I seem to sense warm moist earth," the worm said.

"Yes indeed," the holy man said. "The land about this village is very rich. The rice crop is always very great. It is near the harvest time, and already some of the villagers are threshing out the grains at their doorstep. These people are well fed, and many of them are quite fat. Ah, I see the wise man of this village ahead. He is seated in the center of the village."

"Is he fatter than the first wise man?" the worm asked.

"On the contrary little worm," the holy man said. "He is nothing but skin and bones."

"But he has many ornaments and plugs of gold and jewels?"

"Alas, no," the holy man said.

"He has no ornaments and does not put plugs in his head to keep his wisdom from leaking away."

"Don't the people bring him gifts of steaming bowls of rice, and gifts of gold and jewels?" the worm asked.

"Of course they do. Right now, surrounding him, are several bowls of steaming rice, but he eats only a small portion every few days—just enough to keep barely alive. And he gives the jewels and the gold to beggars."

"I do not understand," the worm said. "The first wise man had to eat more than he really wanted, and grow very fat when he would rather have been thin, so that the villagers were starving and poor. Here the villagers are rich and fat, and the wise man starves and remains poor giving his riches away. Why is that?"

"It's easy to understand, worm. In the first village the people, always on the verge of starvation and having nothing in the way of riches, naturally associated fatness and wealth with wisdom. In this village, where everyone is rich and more or less fat, it is natural for the villagers to associate contempt of food and wealth with wisdom. In both cases wisdom demands that the wise man put on the appearance of wisdom. But here is the wise man."

The wise man had risen from his body at their approach. He dropped to his knees and touched his forehead to the ground. "Welcome to my poor village, oh *Bodhisattva*," he murmured uncertainly. "I am barely part way into the first stage of *dasa bhumi*, only a little above a worm in progress, not worthy of your attention—"

"Be at rest with your soul, oh wise man," the holy man said kindly. He then proceeded to tell the wise man everything that had happened, leaving out nothing. "I have told you all," he concluded, "because I would ask you a favor, and you must know what it could lead to. In that way, if you freely consent to grant my favor, no Karma will be added against me."

"I weep for your misfortune," the wise man said. "My own path toward Nirvana leads through a thousand times a thousand future lives, so I would be selfish indeed if I did not grant your request. Perhaps *Buddhi* willed that you come to me, for I have often said to myself that I am barely more than a worm in progress — and now a worm desires to trade places with me."

"But only until he has had a chance to see what thinking is like and whether he would rather eat thoughts than dirt," the holy man said hastily. "He is merely a be-

ginner, able only to feel that he thinks."

"Truly a rank beginner then," the wise man said. "The wise man is one who feels that he doesn't think. But this worm may be wiser than it seems, for it is striving to think. That shows talent. Let me see this lowly creature so that I may admire it. Surely Gautama Buddha has smiled upon it to have condemned it to be crushed by the hand of Bodhisattva!"

"That's one way of looking at it," the holy man said, opening his hand and exposing the worm, which wriggled happily in greeting to the wise man.

"Hmm," the wise man said thoughtfully. "I am filled with wonder and humbleness. Let us place this worm at the seat of my brain and observe the effect. But first, wondrous worm, let me caution you on something. Do not play upon the keys that control my muscular movements without at first discussing with me and the holy man what you plan to do. So far as the brain itself is concerned, however, you may bore through it, eating thoughts until you are very very fat—although you will probably find the soil of my brain very dry and unpalatable. I have tried to enrich it with warmth and comforting moistness, but I am barren of talent."

The holy man moved to place the worm inside the brain of the wise man's body. "Relax, little worm," he said. "You are very stiff with nervousness, and quivering with excitement. You must be relaxed so that you can curl comfortably within the central seat of consciousness and control."

"I will try," the worm said.

"We will not leave you," the holy man soothed.

"Thank you," the worm said gratefully. Almost at once it began to relax.

"See?" the holy man said. "You are relaxed already." He carefully lodged the worm in the wise man's brain. "How does it feel? Are you comfortable?"

Then the holy man and the wise man smiled at each other. The worm was so wrapped up in the richness of sensation that was flowing through it that it had not heard a thing..

But after several hours the worm cautiously used the wise man's body to sigh happily. "Now I am *really* thinking!" it said.

"How are my mounds of thoughts in comparison to those of the first wise man?" the wise man asked.

"That I cannot answer because it is all so far more wondrous than the dirt I had previously thought to be all there was to eat that I

am overcome with intoxication. However, I must say this. Your mounds of thought are so moist and warm that if you really think them dry and cold I would be afraid to enter a mound of thought comfortably warm and moist. I would drown and cook in such a mound!"

"Already you are digesting many thoughts!" the wise man exclaimed. "Holy man, this worm you accidentally crushed to death is a genius of a worm if there ever was one! I am humble in its presence, for after ten thousand times nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine incarnations I have less than half as much talent!"

"That is as it may be," the holy man said. "However, we must remember that the worm is merely getting a little experience with thinking to see how it likes it. It has already found that eating thoughts is somewhat different than eating ordinary dirt. Thoughts have a habit of suddenly becoming indigestible after being partly digested, of nourishing the soul for a time and then turning to poison. Our worm felt up a wonderful analogy while yet it could only feel that it might be thinking. It compared eating some thoughts to eating the little knot on the end of a string."

"The worm felt that about

thinking?" the wise man marvelled. "Truly a genius. Yes indeed! One swallows a little knot of thought, not noticing the string attached, and before one gets very far one is entangled in string without end. A whole philosophy is contained in that thought. For example, to deceive a person, you feed that person a little knot at the end of a string. Once that person swallows the little knot, it is easy to string him along as he gulps inch after inch of the line, thinking there is always only one more little inch to swallow. Are you sure this lowly worm is not Gautama Buddha Himself, returned in the guise of a worm to teach us true humbleness, oh Bodhisattva?"

"But I did not feel all those things!" the worm said. "At least, I don't feel that I felt them. The string meant something entirely different to me—I feel."

"Oh?" the wise man said. "What did you feel about the string?"

"I felt that with ordinary dirt, swallowing a particle leads to nothing at all. You must reach out all over again for another particle of dirt. It takes as much effort to find and swallow a particle of dirt as it would to find and swallow a thought, but with this difference. Once you've swallowed and digested a thought there is another thought attached to it, so that by the sim-

ple act of swallowing the first one you find a giant ball of food nicely prepared for swallowing a little at a time, endlessly."

"I see," the wise man said. "Well, it is getting along in the day. How would you like to try your talents at feeding my body some rice? I understand that the other wise man did things a little differently. You must be very careful to take only a very little. When you have barely tasted the rice you must push it away, so that the beggars gathered around at a respectful distance can then come up and eat the rest of it."

"I will try," the worm said, "but your body is very hungry."

"I know," the wise man said sadly. "But these villagers are my wards. I have sacrificed my every earthly desire to make them happy."

"Those are the very words the other wise man used," the worm marvelled. "Thoughts are truly wonderful."

"When they don't give you indigestion of the soul," the wise man said.

The wise man and the holy man watched carefully while the wise man's body moved in the routine of eating. The wise man was ready to leap to the controls if his body broke away from the worm's control and began gulping huge

mouthfuls, but the worm handled the body very well.

"You direct my body very competently, the wise man said. "I do believe it isn't the least aware of a stranger at the controls!"

"Thank you," the worm said humbly.

The wise man caught the holy man's eye and signaled that he wished a private talk. Together they wandered away, but not too far to keep an eye on things.

"That is a very talented worm," the wise man said.

"It is indeed," the holy man agreed. "Perhaps one in a million."

"I've been thinking . . ." the wise man said.

"Yes?" the holy man prompted.

"The duties of my body tie me down quite a bit," the wise man said. "It would be a little unusual, but it might be a good thing to take the worm on as an apprentice. If things worked out it would free me to sit at the feet of a great teacher whose cave is only a short distance from here."

"You mean you would take over the Karma of the worm and free me of my last earthly tie," the holy man said hopefully.

"Mind you, I'm not making any decisions yet," the wise man said. "I just wanted you to know what I am thinking. I realize how he

botched the other wise man's set-up. But mine is a little different. My villagers are on the average many incarnations advanced over those of that other wise man. And in all due humility, it's possible that so much fat dulled the action of his brain somewhat. Dieting has kept my brain whetted to a razor sharp edge, and the worm would be using it to think with while he was learning."

"But what about judgment?" the holy man said. "The seat of judgment is not in the brain, but in the soul."

"Pah!" the wise man said. "The villagers only occasionally run into a problem that requires my attention. None of them are very tough problems."

"That may be as it may be," the holy man said. "However, if I let you be impetuous in this matter when I could point out the many possibilities that would make you regret your action, I would become bound to you for a time. It would be wiser to wait until you have observed my worm handling one of the problems of the villagers before making final decision."

"I will accept your advice," the wise man said humbly. "We can talk again later."

"Yes, of course," the holy man said. "We will—"

BOTH the holy man and the wise man saw the half dozen villagers who had appeared, running toward the physical body of the wise man.

"It seems that a problem has arisen in the village sooner than I could have hoped for," the wise man said. He and the holy man hurried back to the worm.

"What have I neglected to do?" the worm said anxiously. "The villagers come to attack me already."

"No no," the wise man assured the worm. "They come to ask the wise man to advise them on something. Do nothing at all. They will carry you to the spot. And remember, you must say and do nothing until you have discussed it with us."

"I will try to remember," the worm said as the wise man's body was lifted so that it perched on the shoulders of two of the villagers.

The holy man and the wise man followed closely. Behind them but not seeing them followed a growing throng of villagers.

"I am dizzy from the swaying!" the worm called frantically. "Please, oh wise man, exchange places with me and let me just watch."

"No," the wise man said. "I would, of course, if you really meant it. But your fright is only

temporary. See? They are already setting you down."

A strange sight met the eyes of the wise man's body, to be transmitted to the worm as images. The wise man's body had been set down in the shade under the roof of an open-front dwelling typical of most dwellings in the village. The roof extended out from the dwellings for six or eight feet, and was supported at its corners by poles whose ends were in the well packed ground. The living quarters themselves were concealed behind rice straw mats suspended from the roof, forming a wall of demarkation that left an area of hard packed ground in front of the dwelling but still under the roof.

In this area the villager and his wife had quite obviously been threshing the rice grains from the straw by the simple process of beating the straw with bamboo sticks. The rice grains fell to the hard packed ground where they accumulated quite thickly.

And this had given rise to the problem that faced the wise man. For there was a small child, his wails of anguish loud enough to be heard to the edge of the village and beyond.

The reason for his anguish was also quite obvious. His little hands were cupped together, and the cup-

like space between his hands was filled with rice grains he had scooped up from the ground. But in scooping up the grains of rice the child had reached around one of the poles supporting the roof, and now could not move away without separating his hands and dropping the rice.

The worm saw this at once. "It is no real problem," he said to the wise man and the holy man, without uttering a physical sound with the wise man's throat. "I need only tell the parents of this child to have him relinquish the rice and he will be free."

"No no!" the wise man said. "Say nothing as yet. We must consider this problem. It may not be so simple as it seems."

"But how could there be any other answer?" the worm asked. "Even your very fine brain tells me that is the best answer!"

"My very fine brain is still merely a brain," the wise man said. "We must use judgment on this problem, and that the brain does not possess. The brain can only think."

"But there just doesn't seem—" the bewildered worm began.

"Listen to me, oh worm," the wise man said. "We must reach a decision quickly before the child releases the grain by himself. It must be obvious to you that the

parents thought of asking the child to release the grain. Is it not so? Even you thought of that way of solving the difficulty."

"That seems to be so," the worm said.

"*Then why did they send for me?*" the wise man demanded. "I will tell you why. It was because there had to be another answer. And since we must not waste time I am forced to tell you what to advise them, and explain later."

"Very well," the worm said. "What shall I tell them?"

"Order them to tear down their house and pull up the pole that imprisons the child!"

"B-b-b-but—" the worm protested.

"The wise man is right," the holy man said. "We should do as he suggests, or dire consequences will surely follow — even worse than those at the other village.

Without further protest the worm caused the wise man's voice to utter the advice. At once delighted expressions appeared on every face. In a trice the house had been utterly torn down, and several strong villagers with many grunts and much heaving were able to lift the pole from the ground and thus permit the child to go where it willed. Its anguish-wailing stopped, to be replaced by pleased sounds. It stood up and

went over to a basket where it dropped its hands full of grain.

The gathered villagers prostrated themselves upon the ground and remarked to one another concerning the wisdom of their wise man, and how fortunate they were to have him. And he was borne back to his habitual spot with much happy shouting and spreading of the story of what had happened.

"Now I will explain to you, worm," the wise man said when the villagers had departed.

"I wish you would," the worm said humbly.

"It was a most complex problem, as you will see. To start with, if I had advised the villagers to do what they had already thought of and discarded, it would have been an affront to them. It would have caused the parents of the child to lose face for having called on the wise man with no problem at all. And such is human nature that the ridicule and insults piled upon them by cruel neighbors would, in their inner thoughts, have been placed at my door—and rightly. In time they would have built up their resentment to hatred, and perhaps a few days, certainly a few weeks from now, they would have found some way to get revenge. From that aspect of the problem alone I would have delayed my journey toward Nirvana

by a hundred lifetimes! However, that is only the simplest of aspects of the problem presented to me. It might not have been necessary for them to avenge their hurt pride. You see, the other villagers also saw the obvious answer to this problem, and if I had not provided a better answer they would have begun to doubt my wisdom. Perhaps before the evening comes I would have been driven from the village and stoned."

"But why was destroying the house a better answer?" the worm asked.

"There are several facets to that, as you will see," the wise man said.

"Three at least—no, four—perhaps many more. The common denominator of all the facets that made my suggested solution the right one is one thing—the feelings of everyone involved. Consider first my own feelings, though they are of least importance. In fact, we will consider all aspects in ascending importance. I sacrifice my every earthly desire in order to be a living message to the people of this village, and also to the traveler who might pass through this village and observe me. The message has many aspects, but the aspect that applies in this instance is the unimportance of wealth—even the danger of holding onto wealth when it infringes upon more

important things. To me the solution to the problem was obvious from the start. The dwelling was thwarting the child's desires, therefore the dwelling should be removed, for it is nothing more than wealth, while feelings are feelings, as you well know."

"Yes, oh wise man," the worm said humbly.

"Next in order of importance, the aspect of the villagers' reactions. They read in my advice again my daily message of the unimportance of wealth. In addition, they saw that my advice was consistent with my life and my teachings. Therefore I was still a wise man."

"Yes, oh wise man," the worm said humbly.

"Next in importance," the wise man said, "was the feelings of the parents of the child. I have explained what they *would* have been if I had failed them, but I have not as yet explained what they were and are now. For years they have brought me huge bowls of rice and many valuable gifts. Never before had they called upon me for help, and they felt they had a right to expect help equal in value to the gifts they had given me. Perhaps their first thought was, 'Here at last is our chance to get value for what we have given the wise man!' Such is human nature that when

my advice entailed great sacrifice in wealth, it increased in value as advice to the sum of all they had given me in the past and what it was costing them to follow it. Why is that so? Because they love their child. Also because they know the essence of the message I live daily. And it enabled them in this small instance to live that message also, by giving up their fine dwelling to make their child happy."

"I am beginning to understand, a little bit," the worm said in an almost abject tone.

"Now we come to the most important aspect of the whole problem," the wise man said. "The feelings of the child. Oh, there are most serious ramifications here. He did not think by himself of releasing the hands full of grain and picking it up again once he was free of the pole. If that obvious solution had been forced upon him he would have incurred the mental scar of knowing that he had been stupid and had shown himself to be stupid before his parents whom he loves more than life. He would have felt himself unworthy of being their descendent. If *they* had brought that upon him, he would have in time hated them for it—but perhaps not known why he hated them, because the reason would have been walled off from

consciousness! It is possible the parents recognized this aspect of the problem and that was the reason for their calling for my help. If *I* had brought that upon him it would have been even worse, for then it would have been the wise man showing him to be stupid. His eventual hatred would have included me, and eventually all wise men. If, when he grew up, he gained great political power, he might have started great reform movements that would bring untold suffering to all wise men and even destroy the very foundations of our culture—purely as an outgrowth of this little thing. Much more has resulted from much less."

"I did not realize" the worm said, grovelling with self condemnation.

"It is nothing for you to be sorry for, little worm," the wise man said with great kindness. "None of these dire things have happened. On the contrary, something very wonderful has come out of it for the child."

"What is that?" the worm said, eagerly happy now.

"Before I tell you, I must mention another aspect of the basic problem that I forgot. The child had been helping his parents. The post stopped him temporarily, but never for a moment did he swerve from his purpose. He refused to

let go of the grains of rice even temporarily in his service to his parents. He was saved from experiencing a defeat in that desire. His persistence brought him a spectacular success. He will grow up to be a good son.

"But the most wonderful thing of all is this—a day will come when he will discover for himself what he should have done. It will be an unfoldment from within refreshing to his spirit and soul, a symbol to him of the ultimate purpose of life, which is growth from within. Self realization, inner growth leading to inner stature that shines outward."

The holy man spoke now, softly. "Now do you understand, little Kama Rupa of a worm?"

"Oh, yes!" the worm said. "But I understand much more than the wisdom of the wise man now. Much more. I understand among other things why there are hardly enough wise men for there to be one for each village. I understand why there are so many villagers for each wise man, and why it takes ten thousand times ten thousand lives to become wise at all. And I understand why my stomach, created for digesting only dirt, is not able to digest the thoughts that fill it to bursting."

"Then," said the holy man, "the time has come when I can fairly

ask you what you wish to do, so that I can help you to do it and free myself of the Karma of having crushed your physical body accidentally. Since thoughts now fill your stomach almost to bursting and cannot be digested, surely your desire will be to return to life again as a worm, boring through the warm moist soil and eating it, so that in digesting it you can feel the fresh energy that flows through your worm body, creating many wonderful feelings in your soul. Come. I will carry you to the nearest meadow and place you within a healthy worm egg where you may rest and sleep until it grows into a worm body for you."

"Very well," the worm said sadly, "but—"

"That is not your desire?" the holy man said in tones of unbelief, but winking at the wise man. "Surely it must be! That is the obvious thing for you to choose, constructed as you are!"

"Then I will do it—for you, oh holy man," the worm said sadly. "But some day, would it be possible for me, if I tried very hard, to—to—?"

The holy man gasped. "Why, I can't believe my senses!" he said. "Do you mean that after all you have experienced you have become attached to eating thoughts? They

make your belly bloated and tender, you cannot digest them. It would take at least nine thousand times ten thousand incarnations in human form for you to acquire a crude taste for them—plus the digestive juices to digest them.”

“You mean?” the worm said. “Oh, I can’t believe it is true! You mean I may choose to begin the long journey through—”

“It would be a long journey,” the holy man said. “It would be swallowing the knot at one end of a very very long string. But if, within your soul, you feel you would never desire to turn back . . .”

“It is the longing of my very soul,” the worm said.

“It has been the cherished hope of mine from the moment I crushed you accidentally,” the holy man said softly. “Come. I will find a living human seed for you to

curl up in.” He lifted the worm from the wise man’s head and held it tenderly in the palm of his hand, where it lay very still, subdued by the immensity of its decision. “And,” the holy man said, looking up at the wise man who stood with a tear in his eye, “I have more than a suspicion that crushing this little and so loveable worm was no accident. Who of us—even those who have ascended to Nirvana, forsaking all consciousness of self to become part of the Buddhi — can know the inscrutable workings of that Buddhi who is as far above us as we are above the individual atoms of our beings?”

“Who indeed, oh Bodhisattva?” the wise man whispered as he watched the holy man depart, going from dwelling place to dwelling place in search of a freshly created human egg in which to place his little ward.

Ghost of the Living By Wanita Norris

IT was about midnight and I had just said goodbye to my caller. Suddenly I heard my mother call out from her bedroom and inquire if anything was the matter. I asked her what she meant and this is what she told me. She said she had been awakened by a sound and glanced up to see me standing in the doorway, looking at

her. She said she asked me what was the matter and I disappeared.

My father also says that he was awakened at the same time and saw me.

Both swear that they were awake at the time.

The problem is that at the time they both swear seeing me, I was in the living room and hadn’t left it for several hours.



WHAT IS TO BE...

By Melva Rogers

"THELMA! Git in here and do the dishes!" Mrs. Myers screamed in a high pitched voice as ragged as her dress.

"Won't!" Thelma called from the edge of the trees. From long habit she knew she was safe. Her mother would think dire threats and do the dishes herself—and forget the whole thing by lunchtime.

"I'll tell yer paw!" Mrs. Myers threatened.

Thelma stuck out her tongue with all the impudence of her seventeen years and turned away. In half a dozen steps her mother and the house were out of sight, and forgotten. This was Saturday. A whole

day ahead of her.

She walked slowly at first, her large blue eyes missing few of the movements around her. Little insects, silent little animals, unafraid birds. Colors. A thousand shades of green in the leaves and the grasses.

Every other color in the flowers, the butterflies, the soft little animals. A thousand odors to match them. A hundred identifiable sounds whispering in the faint breath of the atmosphere.

From the north came the strong odor of newmown alfalfa mixed with oat hay. From ahead, toward the east, came the smell of water and newly dead and old-dead fish.

Many people believe in predestination. That there is a basis for this belief is a question which conflicts with the principle of free will. Yet, it is true that coming events cast their shadow before them, and in that respect, every event that has *already happened*, has some bearing on what *is to happen*. In any relationship, it seems logical that it should work both ways—thus, *is what is to be influential on what has been?* Here is an interesting concept, and our author, who is a woman (and woman is supposed to be less susceptible to fate because of her prerogative to “change her mind”) gives us an interesting theory explaining how this might be, and if it is, how it must be possible to influence the future. The problem is this: precognition has been proven to exist. Thus, if we see an event that is about to happen, can we do anything to cause it *not* to happen? Free will seems to say we can. And if we can, just what is the method? And if, womanlike, we change our mind, what then?

Eight year old Clem Marlow would be earning tips cleaning fish for the city fellows who had come all the way from Chicago, mostly, to catch bass and wall-eyes, and the local people content with crappies.

Off to the right was the smell of a dead animal in the brush. And for a minute the smell of exhaust gasses from some car on the highway ahead but still out of sight was stronger than anything else. Mostly burning oil. That would be a local car — maybe the Johnson Buick. A faint sound of a motor knocking came through the trees for a minute. So it was the Heeb Hudson. Maybe little Bart was driving it.

Thelma dawdled along the faint path, reluctant to reach the highway while the possibility of being seen by little Bart was present. He was nineteen—and she didn't like him. He called her crazy Thelma.

It didn't matter, really. He would be drafted next spring when the war started, and he would be killed in the fall. Thelma felt sorry for him, so she forgave him calling her crazy Thelma. But she avoided him as much as she could out of school.

She knew why he called her that. There was crazy Mary who lived over the other side of the lake and made no bones about putting hexes on people—or taking them off for a bit of money. Thelma

had gone to visit crazy Mary once and had run away and trembled for a month every time she thought of her visit. Crazy Mary was over a hundred years old and only looked fifty, and nobody knew it. The worst of it was that crazy Mary would live at least another hundred years, but she would hide the fact by slipping away some night and settling down a long ways away where nobody knew her. She had things she took. That's why she wouldn't die.

After that visit crazy Mary talked to her through her mind sometimes, but not very often. Thelma got over her fear, but never went back to see Mary. When she thought about going back she felt too shy. Crazy Mary knew about her too much. Other people just thought she imagined things. Like little Bart when she told him he would be drafted and get killed.

A new sound came from the highway. Tires and no motor sounds. That would be a city car. Suddenly the tire hum began to die rapidly. The car had stopped just ahead of her over the bank. A car door slammed. A man's voice said some cuss words. A flat tire.

Thelma ran lightly up the bank. The highway was in plain view but she herself was concealed. Less than fifty feet away she saw the car, a late Hudson, low slung. It

was the right rear tire.

She had never seen the man before. His name was Pete Tascher-eau, which was a very strange last name. He was twenty-three years old and not married yet. He lived in Chicago and owned a music studio and taught music on almost every instrument and played them all very good. He composed music, too, and before the tire went flat he had been working in his thoughts on a song he was composing. He liked three different girls in Chicago, but not much. Thelma couldn't see them very well because Pete had grotesque mental images of them.

She decided she liked him. Something else flashed through her mind and was gone before she could seize it consciously, but it left a warm feeling and her heart beat a little faster. Maybe she wouldn't let him know she was watching him. Or maybe she would.

She sat down on the top of the bank and watched an ant attack a crawly-worm, but out of the corner of her eye she kept watching Pete. He had caught a wall-eye that morning—bigger than Charley's that was caught yesterday. Both of them were in the deep freeze at Morton's camp where they had a cabin. There were three others in the party besides Pete and Charley. One of them, Phil, snored too much.

Besides that Phil had won fifteen bucks at poker last night. And Pete didn't think he had lost much, but he didn't keep track. Anyway they were all good guys.

Thelma liked Pete for that. She fought the impulse to go down and talk to him. He had the bumper jack up now and was getting the spare out.

With a little tingle of excitement she tried to search his future. Would she find herself in it? She had often wondered if she would see herself in the future of someone when she met him—or would it be hidden from her just like her own future remained hidden from her?

But futures were harder than pasts and presents. You had to be around someone a while, hear them talk, feel them near you, get the feel of their presence.

The ant had cut the crawly-worm in two and was trying to drag first the front half then the back half away, but both resisted being dragged.

Thelma pulled up a small clump of wild grass. It had some dirt on the roots that made it just right for throwing. She whirled it until it had enough momentum, then let it go. It sailed through the air and landed plump right beside Pete. He turned his head and looked down at it, then stood up and turned around toward her.

She went down the bank toward him, conscious of his appraising eyes that liked what they saw. Always before when a man had done that she had felt crawly and disgusted. She didn't feel that way now. She felt tingly. She wanted to say, "I ought to slap your face!" She almost said it, then thought of the consequences. She didn't want him to call her crazy Thelma like little Bart—and some others.

"Hello!" he said. She liked his voice. It had a flavor of—of cultured humor.

"Hello," she aped his greeting. "I'm Pete Taschereau," he said, his voice formal.

Thelma thrilled. Pete liked her. He wanted to get things started right. He wanted to make friends with her. "I'm Thelma Myers," she said self consciously. "I live over that-a-way 'bout a mile. You fishin'—fishing?"

His lips quirked in a self depreciating way. "A little," he said "Not much luck. I was going into town and see if there's a show on tonight. If there is, I'd like to have you go with me, Thelma. Would you?"

Abruptly his future came to her. She turned deathly pale. Pete was going to die. Not just yet, though. It would be when he started back to Chicago Sunday night. He would be in the back seat of his car a-

sleep and one of the others would be driving. Phil. Phil would try to pass a truck, and suddenly—

She refused to see any more of it. They were all going to be killed when the two trucks hit them head on and sidewise.

And she had never felt like this about anybody before. She didn't want him to die. It wasn't like others. She could know they were going to die and feel sorry for them. Even Mom, who would die in about five years now.

"I—I cain't go to a show with you, Pete," she said, "but—but if you wanted to. ."

"What?" Pete said.

Thelma threw caution to the winds and said all in a rush, "I could sneak out after mom and pop go to sleep. I do lots of times when it's bright out with a big moon. I don't need the sleep. I could meet you here."

"That would be—okay," Pete said, his voice cautious. "It's a date. What time do you think it will be?"

"'Bout ten, maybe," Thelma said.

She turned and ran as though the hounds of hell were after her. Her heart was pounding furiously. She couldn't read Pete's thoughts she was so scared at her boldness. And she was trembling inside at the knowledge that he was going to get

killed.

She ran and ran and ran, and pretty soon she realized that she was running around the lake toward crazy Mary's. And she was crying, too. She hadn't realized it, but she had been crying for a long time. Her cheeks were all wet.

She slowed to a walk, then realized that she wanted to go see crazy Mary. This was something different. She had to talk to crazy Mary about it, and not just in her mind. She had to—to discuss it with her. That was it. Discuss it with her. It was a need. Nothing thought out. Futures happened the way they were. They couldn't be changed.

But—this time maybe. . .

Despair made her run again. Despair, and hope. Crazy Mary might know of some spell. Thelma didn't see how. She just hoped.

Suddenly she felt crazy Mary become aware of her, of her coming. Thelma sensed the glad welcome, the quickly repressed curiosity, the conscious projection of the desire to fix tea and some biscuits. In less than a second, so fast is thought, she had protested and Mary had overcome her objections and gotten up from her rocker to put the water on and mix the biscuit batter. Then the contact broke.

Thelma ran along a path under the big trees where the morning

dew still remained, bringing out more little forest scents. There was the tangy spice odor of the deadly purple toadstool, the decayed wood odor of the broken puff ball, the fresh dough smell of a stepped-on umbrella mushroom. A crested woodpecker swooped impudently near her and coasted upward to light against a tree trunk and start pecking with rapid hammer blows that echoed.

Next came a stretch of field rich with the yellow of mustard weed and its almost overpowering soft brown smell. There had been a skunk around recently farther on, or maybe a fox—but a fox only smelled strong after a rain and it hadn't rained for days, so it must be a skunk, but it wasn't around now.

Thelma avoided roads and paths where she might meet someone. She didn't want to see anyone right now, except crazy Mary. After about an hour she found the path and a moment later she saw the shack. Thelma's footsteps slowed. Crazy Mary would greet her with a slow hillbilly draw that fooled even the natives into thinking she was a native. She *had* lived in this shack for longer than Thelma had been living, but she had lived in New York before that and could talk city talk. And she had been a dancer on the stage about seventy-

five years ago. She had been married, too, and been rich a couple of times. Then she fell in love with the hill country. It had a *spirit* to it. It quieted the soul and gave you peace. City people thought it made people shiftless and lazy. They didn't know anything about peace.

Thelma went hesitantly to the single step before the wreck of a door and knocked. "Come in, girl. Come in!" Crazy Mary's voice sounded irritably. "And stop acting like a seventeen year old. You're as old as the hills, although you don't know it, child." This last was said as Thelma opened the door and stood adjusting her eyes to the interior gloom. "Come in and close the door," Mary went on. "My eyes like the dark more and more. Sit down over here and get your breath. We'll have some tea. The biscuits aren't quite done yet."

They sipped their tea, and didn't even look at each other. Thelma looked at one wall, Mary at another, and they sipped without talking. Mary followed Thelma's thoughts, and Thelma was suddenly grateful that spoken words weren't needed. Just thinking was almost like not telling things at all.

But after a while Thelma's thoughts became confused. She felt the emotional need of words to guide thought. "I don't want him to

die, Mary," she burst out. "There *must* be something. A spell."

"A mantram?" crazy Mary said. "Hmm. Perhaps." Her thoughts were suddenly hidden. She kept her mind cloaked while she got up and tried the biscuits with a broom straw. It came out clean. They were done. She stacked them on a china plate and set them on the table, then lifted a trap door in the floor and reached down and brought up a pint jar of store honey. She darted a cheerful smile at Thelma. "We can try a spell and see what happens," she said. "After we clean up the biscuits. Help yourself to the honey. I hate to have it around when it's opened. Ants."

They ate in silence for a while. Suddenly crazy Mary said, "You know the future can't be changed. What is to be will be. But you cain't be sure that what you know is true—until it happens. So you may be wrong about him."

"Uh huh," Thelma said, wanting to believe it.

"It's a fact!" Mary insisted. "How do you *know* he's going to die?"

"You know how I know," Thelma said. "I see it plain as day."

"You ever see anything about me? We could check on that. I'll bet you're wrong sometimes. What do you see about me?"

"You're over a hundred—and are

going to live at least another hundred years," Thelma spilled out the words.

Mary spread her hands eloquently. "See?" she said. "How wrong can you get? Nobody can live that long. I'm—I'm—well — fifty-six. That's how old I am. And I have inward fever something fierce at times. I won't live another ten years. So you see, Thelma, you could be wrong about the other, too."

"Uh huh," Thelma said eagerly, trying desperately to believe it.

"So," crazy Mary said, "since you're probably wrong about it, why not run along and forget about it? He isn't going to die. I can see a few things too once in a while. The others, yes, but not him. He'll live through the accident and go on to Chicago."

"Of course," Thelma said, taking Mary's hands and placing their palms against her cheeks and looking worshipfully at her. "You're so much wiser than I. Now I believe he will live."

"Okay, okay," Mary said. "Now run along home before you get in dutch and can't sneak out to be with him tonight."

Thelma blushed. "Thank you for the tea and biscuits, Mary," she said. She turned and ran to the door.

"You know," Mary said, her

voice causing Thelma to pause, but without turning, "I just thought of something. As long as you're right here we might as well make doubly sure he won't die in that accident. Come sit down and close your eyes. Keep them closed, too, unless you feel brave enough to see things you were never meant to see."

"Oh, yes," Thelma whispered, sitting quickly and closing her eyes very tight. "I will keep them closed until you tell me to open them again."

"First," crazy Mary said, "I need three hairs from the top of your head. Don't worry, *you'll get them back*, and I won't harm them. Not a hair of your head will ever see harm until—" Abrupt silence settled into the room.

A thrill of dread passed through Thelma. Crazy Mary had almost told her something of her future—almost let it slip out. She forgot it a moment later as she felt the first sharp twinge of a hair being yanked out, and a second, and a third. Crazy Mary was intoning strange words. The sounds became faint and far away, as though coming through a thick wall.

Thelma felt the presence of strange forces. Some struck terror in her heart, so that it was all she could do to sit still and keep her eyes tightly closed. Once there was

a red glare and intense heat. She wanted to scream, but she uttered not a sound. Strangely, a new presence made itself felt. Infinitely good and kind. And it was so strange for it to be here when such incredibly evil forces were also here.

Through it all, crazy Mary's voice continued its sing-song intonation. Other voices seemed to enter in. Arguments, clashes of will, while crazy Mary remained obdurate, inflexible.

Abruptly it was over. Thelma heard Mary say in a normal voice, "You may open your eyes and mind now, child." And when she had, Mary held out to her three hairs, now knotted together in a strange design. "Take this," she said, her eyes sharply commanding. "Make *sure* your man has them in his possession when he leaves you. Snarl them in the wristband of his watch—or better yet, on some pretext get his billfold and slip these hairs of yours down in some crease where he won't notice them. Take them and go. Quickly."

Thelma took them and ran out the door, not looking back. She dared not look back, because she knew with absolute knowledge that crazy Mary had traded years of her life for years for Pete. *For every year Pete lived after tomorrow night, crazy Mary would live*

one year less. . .

She ran and ran, aware of nothing around her except once when the smell of honeysuckle came to her strong and sweet. She ran all the way home.

"Where you been?" her mother greeted her. "Git in here and peel the spuds for supper. Some day I'm gonna tan you good."

"Yes, maw," Thelma said tonelessly.

* * *

THE full moon hung low above the eastern hills as Thelma slipped like a shadow from the house. Wrapped around a finger of her left hand, symbolically a wedding ring, was the knotted triune strand of hair.

A silently gliding shadow among the shadows, she sped swiftly toward the highway. Around her were the night sounds. Crickets, frogs, the distant barking of dogs, a two motor plane to the south, its lights winking among the stars.

The palms of her hands were wet with the perspiration of fear, her eyes bright with the bravery of ageless womanhood. She was filled with fear that Pete would not be waiting—and fear that he would be. Confidence that he would be there opposed the conviction that he would have forgotten. How could he possibly have remembered such an unimportant thing as meet-

ing her? She had run away so precipitously he must have believed she had changed her mind. He wouldn't be there! But he would be! The Universe could not contain such a meaningless thing as her going to meet him—while he slept without remembering.

She ran to the top of the embankment and paused, her soul filled with dismay. He was not there! The night was a shroud of death and silence. In another moment her very life would depart from her—but what was that little glow in the dark?

A cigarette!

Almost inaudible sobs of gratefulness matched her breath as she ran down the embankment toward the almost invisible outline of the car parked under the trees at the edge of the highway.

Had Pete seen her? She stopped running and stole silently to the side of the car where she could peek in. The bright coal of his cigarette flared enough for her to make out his features. He was alone. Boldly, but without breathing, she opened the car door and slid into the seat beside him. "Hi," she whispered. He did not answer. Instead he reached toward her, his arms encircling her. Fear flooded into her—and abruptly fell away.

Hours later the soft gray light of dawn began its slow materiali-

zation. Apace with it came a happy peace within every fiber of Thelma's body and spirit. She thought, "For the Universe to be perfect, final death should come without warning or knowledge to everyone at this time. This is the peak of All."

The thought of death brought back memory. She remembered crazy's Mary's instructions. "Let me see your billfold, Pete," she said.

"Sure," he said lazily, taking it from his hip pocket and handing it to her. "Lot's of money in it. Want some? Help yourself, honey."

She hadn't thought of that. A sign on the bus depot flashed before her. CHICAGO ONE WAY \$13.80 plus tax. It was a happy thought. She would surprise him, soon. How much was the tax? Very much? And there would be meals. She would be too excited to eat if she went to Chicago—if the tax took too much.

"Lands, you have lots of papers in here," she exclaimed. His eyes were sardonic glints in the half light. He was watching her every move. She took out a bunch of cards and clumsily let them slip from her grasp. While she picked them up she slipped the hair strand from her ring finger, and when the cards went back into the wallet the hair strand went deep into a crease where it wouldn't be found.

She laughed guiltily. "Could I have—twenty dollars?" she asked. "I want it for something very special."

"Why not?" Pete shrugged.

"Thanks!" Thelma said. She picked out the twenty dollar bill and laid the billfold on the seat between them. It was a wonderful feeling—just like they were already married. He would live now, and she would come to Chicago to him, but he mustn't know that yet.

Breathlessly she kissed him once more, then opened the car door and escaped, running swiftly, the morning dew quickly drenching her ankles. At the top of the embankment she paused to wave at him, etching the vision of his face against the car window, the smiling twist of his lips.

The sky was very blue, with huge piles of freshly bleached clouds. The trees and the grasses and flowers were freshly lacquered and bright. Half awake birds chirped drowsily. At least six different roosters were crowing at one another as she slipped silently into the house and to bed.

She lay there, her eyes wide, a worried frown creasing her forehead, unable to sleep.

Where could she hide the twenty dollar bill so it would be safe?

* * *

IT was a two inch item down at the bottom of the front page of the *Weekly Ledger* which came out on Wednesday. It was headed FISHermen KILLED.

It read, "Tragedy struck a party of five Chicago vacationers who spent last week at Mort's Landing, local fishing spot, as they were driving back to Chicago on highway 54 five miles east of Union, Sunday night. Also involved in the crash were two trailer trucks. Killed instantly were John Appleby, driver of the truck for. ."

Thelma's eyes skipped in agonized suspense over the list of the dead and settled on the concluding statement. "Sole survivor of the tragedy was Pete Taschereau, owner of the car, who was asleep in the back seat at the time, and who resides at 6592 S. Loomis Blvd., Chicago. He was released from the Union Hospital after a brief examination."

For several minutes after reading this Thelma trembled in reaction. Life had stood still for her until this moment. Now she could let herself think of the future—with Pete.

And right now, she decided, was the time to go to him. Before her mother took a notion to do such a crazy thing as lift up that loose floorboard—or a mouse chewed that twenty dollar bill up for a

nest. Now, while she had a good excuse. She could take the paper with her and show it to Pete, not that it was necessary.

That night she waited until almost dawn. Then she got up and put on her very best clothes. She debated taking some other clothes. Most of them were worn out. Pete could buy her some new ones!

Her heart was in her mouth for a long second as her hand groped for the twenty dollar bill under the floor board. Then she found it.

She reached town an hour before the bus was due. Deciding to eat some breakfast, she went into the all night cafe and sat at the counter along with truckdrivers and tourists. She ordered wheatcakes and coffee, and by the time she had finished it she felt exactly like a traveler who had been away from home for months.

By the time the bus arrived and she had bought her ticket and gotten in and found a seat she began to feel very lonely. Nostalgically she watched the familiar scenes slip by as the bus left town, headed for Chicago.

"Next year," she told herself, "Pete and I will come back for a visit."

Almost the next thing she knew, she was in Chicago. She had slept most of the way — which was no wonder, since she had had no sleep

at all for two days and very little for several days before that.

She remembered that there were pickpockets and gangsters in Chicago, and clutched her purse with both hands so that her knuckles turned white. She avoided the escalator fearfully, climbed the stairs, and was bewildered to find she had to go still higher to reach the street. How had the bus gotten down so far in the ground? Chicago was a very strange place!

She found a door to the street. She was caught up in the crowd of pedestrians, and almost immediately became lost. She tried to find the bus depot again and couldn't. Panic made her want to run, but she didn't. Then she saw a policeman. Her teeth chattered with pent up fear as she asked him to help her.

He found her a taxi and read off the address from the Weekly Ledger to the driver. Thelma asked anxiously, "Are you sure you know how to get there?" The driver grinned broadly and said, winking at the policeman, "Sure thing, ma'm." And she sat back in the seat, watching the passing wonders with wide eyes, her whole being yearning for the end of her journey.

Eventually the taxi stopped. The driver showed her the figure on the meter. She read it with dismay. But she had enough to pay it and

eighteen cents left over. She watched the cab drive away until its tail lights turned a corner.

It was dark. The clock in the bus depot had said ten o'clock. It must be almost eleven now. Thelma went into the foyer of the building. There were buttons with names after them. She found Pete's name and pressed the button beside it.

Nothing happened. After a long wait she pressed it again. There was no answer. The silence in the small foyer became sentient with loneliness. She put her finger on the button and held it there for a long time. He must not be home or he would have answered.

A man pushed in from the street and unlocked the inner door and went in without looking at her. She watched him climb the stairs inside. She was too numb inside to even be able to see his name.

Minutes became eternities. From time to time she pressed the button, hoping that Pete had been asleep and was awake, but she could get no feeling of him being there. She went outside and re-checked the street number and came back in and re-read his name beside the button.

Maybe he had gone fishing again. Maybe he wouldn't be home for a week. Maybe he had gone back to the lake, to Mort's

Landing. Maybe . . . Thelma's lips trembled on the verge of crying. Tears spilled onto her cheeks.

And then she saw him. He was pushing against the street door to the foyer. He saw her and his eyes widened until they were round then narrowed as he pushed open the door.

"Pete darling," Thelma said in a glad cry of relief. She put her arms around his neck and hid her face against his coat. "Am I glad to see you," she said, half laughing, half crying. "I've waited hours and hours."

"Well, well," Pete said lamely, vaguely.

Thelma pushed away from him and unfolded the Weekly Ledger with trembling fingers. "See this?" she said, pointing to the article. "I came right away!"

Pete's eyes flicked over the article, jumped to the top of the page and read the name of the paper, the town where it was published. He concealed the startled remembrance. "Thelma!" he said. "You shouldn't have come here!"

"But I jist had to, Pete," she said. "I had intended to anyway, pretty soon, if you didn't send for me. That was the surprise I took the twenty dollars for." She smiled guiltily. "It took all of it except eighteen cents, too."

"That's all you've got? Eighteen

cents?"

"Uh huh, but it's all right now. I'm *here*." Her voice contained a wealth of relief, of happiness.

"Well, look," Pete said. He frowned and hesitated. "Let's go inside." He took out his keys and unlocked the inner door. He took her arm to guide her up the stairs and down the hall. Her eyes looked with wonder at the rug the whole width of the hall and at least a hundred feet long. This was a wonderful world Pete lived in.

He had released her arm. Now as she turned, there was an open door and beyond it a room. Even there the carpeting completely hid the floor. And the furniture must have cost hundreds of dollars. But Pete had lots of money and was a very smart man so it was his right to have all this. She heard him groan elaborately, and jerked her attention away from the wonders of the room. He was looking at her and shaking his head slowly.

"I guess that'll teach me," he said.

She smiled at him nervously, doubtfully. Had he said something funny? Should she laugh? She tried a nervous laugh. It stopped in her throat. His eyes weren't warm. They were—impersonal.

"I took it for granted you knew the score," he said. "Especially after you helped yourself to twen-

ty bucks."

"Pete!" Thelma said, her thoughts churning into a complete blank. "I don't know what you mean!"

He uttered an exclamation of irritation, and turned away, going over to a shelf and taking down a whiskey bottle and pouring himself two inches in a water glass.

"Don't you know I could get in trouble?" he said after taking a deep gulp. "You're under age. You're broke. I've got to get you a room and send you back to Missouri in the morning."

"But Pete—I love—we love—I . . ."

"I know," he said, almost gently, resignedly. "I didn't realize. If I'd had any idea I wouldn't have had anything to do with you. Can you get that straight? Good lord, Thelma! We live in different worlds! What we had was wonderful for both of us. A tonic. I was bored to death down there until I met you. The fishing was terrible. I think I caught the last wall-eye in the lake!" He chuckled in an attempt to get things on a safer level. "And you—growing up among those country yokels. It was wonderful for you. You know what I mean." He took another deep gulp. "Gad! It was worth twenty bucks, but—" He turned suddenly and went to a small table

where there was a phone and a phone book. "We've got to get you to a hotel, and send you back home tomorrow."

"No, Pete." Thelma's voice was calm, smoothly soft.

"No?" he said, looking toward her questioningly. "You mean you have more than what you said? You can get back okay?"

"I—just need—a—little something from your billfold, Pete," she said, holding out her hand. "Please? And then I'll go. I'll not—bother you—any more."

He hesitated. Thelma could see his thoughts now as he quickly reviewed what he had in cash on him, decided he could spare all of it if necessary—if it would get rid of this nuisance. He shrugged. "Why not?" he said. He attempted a smile as he handed her his billfold. "For old times' sake," he said.

She held it in her hand without opening it. "I gave you something, Pete. Something you'll never know. You're sure you want things the way you had them? I want to give you this chance, darling. Oh, my darling! My poor poor darling!" She ran to him and tried to put her arms around him. He evaded her, seized her arms and steadied her.

"Easy, Thelma," he said. "I know how you feel, but it just

doesn't make it. You should have known it wouldn't. It's got to be—just the way things were before I met you."

"All right, Pete," Thelma said woodenly.

She stood away from him and searched down in his billfold until she brought out the knotted strand of three hairs. She clutched them in the palm of her right hand and held out his billfold toward him.

Pete Taschereau reached to take his billfold, and staggered. Fear glazed his eyes for a brief instant before he fell to the floor. Dry eyed, Thelma watched as his body jerked spasmodically several times then become still in death.

"Crazy Mary," she whispered. "It only cost you three days. *Only three days.*"

Come home, child. Take twenty dollars from that money he will never spend and come home.

Thelma looked blankly at the billfold still held in her hand. "All right," she said obediently. She took the twenty and placed the bill fold on the table. "I'm sorry, crazy Mary," she said.

Lands, girl. It's nothing to be sorry about. If God had intended him for you he wouldn't have taken him away. He knows what is best. Sometimes you can bend things, or delay them, but when you git as old as I am—

"Then you really *are* a hundred, and are going to live at least another hundred?"

Of course! Did you ever doubt it? Git on home where you belong, Thelma!

"I'm coming, crazy Mary," Thelma whispered. "I'm coming. Jist as fast as I kin git!"

* * *

(Footnote) *U.P. June 11; Union, Mo . . . Dr. Jaques in a statement released to the press this morning states that in his examination of Mr. Taschereau after the accident May 25th he specifically searched for signs of skull fracture and found none. He further states that he advised Mr. Taschereau to place himself under medical care in Chicago for several weeks as a safety precaution.

U.P. June 11, Chicago, Dr. Barrow, of the coroner's office, in conjunction with Dr. Smith, noted brain specialist, issued a joint statement this morning that Mr. Pete Taschereau, found dead in his apartment four days after a traffic accident near Union, Mo., in which six other men lost their lives, definitely died from a brain injury that must have been incurred in that accident. They further stated that it was incredible that he could have lived after receiving the injury, but that the state of the injury definitely precluded the pos-

sibility of it having originated from some other cause after the traffic accident. Dr. Andrews, who was Mr. Taschereau's family doctor, stated over the phone that Mr.

Taschereau had not contacted him during the past week, and that in his opinion the examining doctor at Union, Mo., is not guilty of negligence.

Joan Fontaine and the Palmist

By W. E. Farbstein

JOAN Fontaine confesses that she once ridiculed the practice of palmistry as superstition. That is, until she had three extraordinary experiences of her own.

Her first occurred when she was an unknown and anxious for an opportunity to demonstrate her dramatic talent. But nobody would give her that chance.

At this period, she happened to stray into the tent of a palmist, in company with some friends. They coaxed her to present her hands to the reader, which she did with reluctance. He studied her palms carefully and told her that after she changed her name to one ending with an "e", her luck would change, and she would achieve fame and fortune.

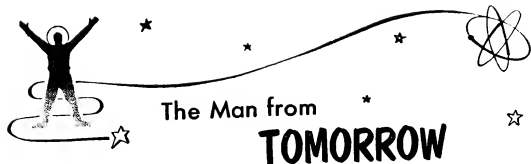
At that time Joan was going under her father's name, DeHaviland. She was inclined to laugh off the palmist's recommendation but, feel-

ing she had nothing to lose, adopted as her stage name the surname of her stepfather, Fontaine. She immediately landed a good job, and soon became a first-rank movie star.

The second time she visited a palmist, she was told that she would soon marry the man who was the host at a dinner party which she and her sister Olivia were going to attend that evening. The prediction made her smile, since she had never met Brian Aherne before. Only a few weeks later Joan Fontaine became Mrs. Aherne.

On her third visit to a palmist there was another marriage prediction. The reader assured her that she would shortly become the wife of a successful business man, and that she would give birth to a girl within twelve months of the wedding. That was exactly what happened.





We have a letter from Gilbert H. Cross, 821 1/3 S. 8th St., Springfield, Ill., which contains a prophecy we think is worth including in this department, and worth checking on. So here it is: During the summer of 1952 I had a remarkable experience. For the previous three years I had devoted a great deal of study to the stock market. It was on a Sunday, and I had stretched out for a nap. While neither asleep or awake, there suddenly appeared in my mind's eye the words "Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe 106 1/4". This

meant nothing to me as I had not devoted any attention to this stock. I was deeply impressed, however, and checked. The common stock was quoted at 78 1/2. For the next six months I watched it climb until it reached, according to my paper, 106 1/4. Actually it never got to 106 1/2. That was a misprint, and should have read 104 1/4. This was its high and after that it began to decline. Now, on June 14, 1954, just as in 1952, I was between sleep and wakefulness when there appeared to me "DuMont 59." There you have it. This stock

This is MYSTIC Magazine's "department of prophecy." In the past, some sensational prophecies have been made, which have come to pass. Generally they consist merely of random thoughts of your editor. But we also publish prophecies by any of our readers who care to "get in on the act." The purpose of the department is to prove, by actual prophecies published, and a record kept of those that come true, whether or not we do have a strange sense of precognition. You are invited to join the editor in his unusual experiment. Can you foretell the future? Are you also a "man from tomorrow?"

is now approximately 10 on the American Stock Exchange. I make no predictions, but needless to say, I have some DuMont.

Needless to say, this editor will watch DuMont, and report on it in this department. But we don't have any DuMont, and don't intend getting any.

As of this date, June 25, 1954, we predict an early end of the war in Guatamala, with complete loss for the Communist element. The war in Indo-China will cease, insofar as active fighting is concerned, but an extremely unsatisfactory result will come about, which will put France in a very bad light with her allies. The new French government will not last out the year.

There will be a startling announcement by the government in relation to H-bombs, and immediately thereafter there will be a great cry for atom control and for outlawing of all atomic weapons, which will result in the necessity for positive action by the U. N. It will be found that the tests just recently held (but not concluded as announced) have had a very bad effect on atmospheric conditions and that the strange weather all over the world is actually a result of these tests. Japan will demand total cessation of all H-bomb tests in the Pacific, backed by her scientists, who will prove

that highly dangerous conditions have been set up in the Pacific, and that further tests would be contrary to freedom of the seas. She will also make the claim that fishing industry has been ruined both at home and abroad. At home because Japanese will be afraid to eat fish sold in their markets and announced as caught in an area within one thousand miles of the American tests. Abroad because American merchants will refuse to buy fish obtained from the same waters. The total number of H-bombs blown off by America and Russia combined will be revealed to be over twenty.

Cleveland will win the pennant and go on to beat the Giants in the World Series.

The government will take steps to subsidize television, unless a plan is developed to make it possible to charge the viewer for certain programs. There will be a great argument over the rate to be charged, certain interests being accused of "milking" the public. A government control board will be forced to step in to insure an equitable arrangement. The greatest item will be the linking up of Hollywood and TV into one great entertainment bloc. Neighborhood theatres will close by the thousands, as color television and movie producers join hands.

YOUR FUTURE

By

Dorothy Spence Lauer

**We'd all like to know what tomorrow
will bring. Is it possible to know?
Here is an experiment to prove it!**

Editor's Note: Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Ordinarily she needs but an object belonging to, or handled by, the subject, or the presence of the subject, to become aware of the psychic influences from which she draws her information. However, for the sake of expediency in providing her with a sufficiently strong personal psychic impression, the editors of this magazine hit upon the playing card method. By laying out the cards, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given at the end of this article, and by writing them down on the chart, we hope that a sufficiently powerful psychic impression will be made to enable the medium to receive the information she seeks. We have made this service available to our readers purely in an experimentative atmosphere, in an attempt, first, to determine whether or not this ability is of a nature both real and valuable; and second, to provide you with an interesting bit of entertainment. Naturally we cannot publish all the requests for readings we receive, but we will forward all charts to Mrs. Lauer, asking her to select several which give her the strongest and most interesting impression, for publication entirely free in this department of MYSTIC Magazine. We assume no further responsibility for the charts. If you wish to correspond personally with Mrs. Lauer, we will be glad to forward your letters.

THE editors of *Mystic* have been very much surprised at the reception given Mrs. Lauer's psychometry department, and the number of charts we have received has been staggering. If just the charts had come in, it wouldn't be too bad, but many were the letters that came also, so obviously anxious to have an analysis made for themselves. The thought that we could publish only a very few gave us a strange feeling when we regarded the huge pile that could not be published. If we were to print them all, it would require four magazines of 130 pages, as this one is, just to get those now on hand into print, and they come in daily in large packages. So, here we had an unexpected problem, and we'd like to do something to solve it. MYSTIC magazine, of course, can't go into the business of making psychometric analyses, and those we publish are in the interests of our experiment to determine whether or not psychometry is a fact, and what use can be made of it. Ultimately we will publish a report on percentage of accuracy, and determine whether it is greater than the results that could be accredited to chance.

Accordingly, we are forced to make a few changes in this depart-

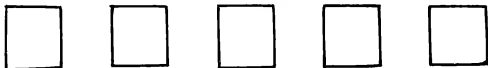
ment, and we have consulted with Mrs. Lauer, who could not possibly analyze all of the charts we have received. Obviously Mrs. Lauer has duties to attend to, as do all women. And to take the time to do these charts would be costly. Equally obviously, we cannot retain Mrs. Lauer to do them for us, firstly because it would be too costly, and secondly because we aren't in that sort of a business. Therefore, at Mrs. Lauer's kind offer, we are informing our readers that anyone wishing to receive an analysis, not depending upon chance selection in the magazine, can obtain one by retaining Mrs. Lauer at a fee. Usually Mrs. Lauer charges much more (from \$5 to \$10), but she will analyze any chart clipped from MYSTIC magazine for \$2.00. However, please send your personal orders to Mrs. Lauer c/o MYSTIC Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin, and not to the Psychometry Dept. of this magazine. We will be happy to forward all such communications, but we do not assume any responsibility for them, and they will not effect our free analyses, as selected for publication from among those charts submitted to the Psychometry Department, as indicated on the chart published on the next page.



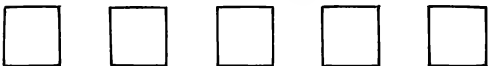
THIS IS YOUR PSYCHOMETRIC CARD LAYOUT

Instructions: Shuffle cards, meanwhile concentrating on your problems. Lay out five cards in a row, face up, from top of deck, then discard five; lay out five more cards in a second row, and discard five; and so on until you have five rows of five cards each, and 25 cards discarded. Lay out last two cards in sixth row. Write denominations and suit of cards in corresponding squares below, using pencil, as ink will blot.

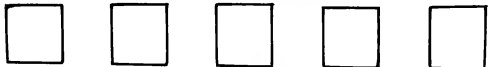
TO YOURSELF



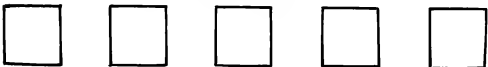
TO YOUR HOME



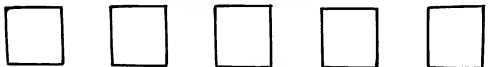
TO YOUR DESIRE



WHAT YOU DON'T EXPECT



SURE TO COME



SURPRISE



Tear out this entire sheet and mail to:
MYSTIC MAGAZINE, Psychometry Dept., Amherst, Wisconsin

Editorial — — — ★*(Continued from Page 12)*

We humbly pray that God will not desert you, even though you have decreed that He should. And to President Eisenhower, our blessing.

AT this time we want to express our thanks to the many readers who have given us support and cheer, and urged us on in our efforts to produce a magazine such as has not yet appeared on the American scene, devoted to an honest effort to bring a subject to the fore which has long been suppressed and held in ill-repute through lack of familiarity and actual knowledge of what it is all about. We want to thank those who evidenced their support by subscribing; cash is a very vital consideration in the process of printing and distributing a magazine, no matter what its contents. We want to thank those who even went so far as to send us monetary gifts "for the cause" as they said. That's exactly what they'll be used for! We want to thank those many who wrote us letters (none of which we are able to answer, for which we express our deep regret). There were so many of them, more than this editor has ever seen in response to an appeal such as we made in our last is-

sues—but in respect to the sum total, so few! Sometimes we feel ashamed to make such appeals as that, because we seem to come as beggars. But then we think of the truth—that we are not asking, but giving, and we feel better about it. No matter what we've gotten from this appeal, more than we received went out in the form of magazines which many write us to say they treasure highly, and tell us are priceless in a sense other than monetary. These expressions please us, and at the same time they spur us on to greater effort. We, as editors, and as investigators into the mystic, the occult, the unknown, the mysterious, the hidden, the secret, the esoteric, realize only too well how feeble our efforts have been to date, and we determine to do even better, and in a sort of rosy glow, picture ourselves achieving greatly. If it were only so! If only we really had achievement to be proud of!

But as we read each issue, we see only what it lacks, and we feel stifled, hampered, bound. It is only the letters which tell us that there is "better and better" in each issue. that cheer us up. We are too eager; and Rome wasn't built in a day. Thus, we hope this issue strikes you as some small improvement over the last. If each issue achieves that result, only time is

necessary for the heights!

So, it is boldly, almost impudently, that we request again that you get the lead out and send in those subscriptions! It's so simple, and it's the answer to all our problems. Given time, we will reach all of you, just as we needed time to get our sister magazine, FATE, to so many readers. But the effort of reaching is prodigious. It is disheartening to see so many copies returned because people who really want them, have not yet discovered them, have not yet realized what the new title MYSTIC means, what it contains. Were it not for subscribers, MYSTIC would have failed with its second issue. With but a few more subscribers, it can be perfectly safe, can afford to waste so many copies, spreading out to reach more and more areas, more and more people who need to be discoverers of the magazine. So, if you think we're a magazine that deserves to reach more people like yourselves, why not give us a helping hand in an easy way? Save yourself 10¢ a copy for twelve issues. Receive them in the mail, in an envelope strong enough to protect them; and save yourself the trouble of looking for the magazine, and not always with success, at your newsstand. Let the copy you ordinarily buy remain on the stands to

be discovered by a kindred soul.

YOU may have noted by now that we've changed the cover policy of MYSTIC, with a view toward making it look more respectable, and less like a pulp adventure type magazine. Well, we have a confession to make: our intention wasn't only to add class to the cover appearance, but to save money. Isn't it strange that the *better* effect we have achieved is also cheaper, Perhaps that's one thing wrong with our civilization—it pays too high a price in order to be gaudy. And in our secret opinion, it is an adolescent culture which tends toward gaudy display. It is evidence of a need for growing up, becoming more adult, more cultured. We feel that MYSTIC is growing by leaps and bounds, and becoming more and more adult as we go along—and yet, we know that we are not getting beyond our depth, and that we are striking more and more simply and understandably at the multitude of readers. We're not "writing down" but we are using plain English. We are punching hard and clean, And we are being understood. Your letters tell us so, and we're happy about it.

Many old friends are writing us, and some of these old friends are readers who were with us when we

edited *Amazing Stories*, for twelve long years, and presented to the American Scene the amazing thing known as the Shaver Mystery. We have asked Mr. Shaver, the author of those strange stories, to write for us, and to tell us what it's all about. He has agreed, but he has found it extremely difficult—for reasons which are actually a part of his Mystery. However, you can be sure that one of the most sensational occult happenings of the century, with all its hard-to-understand facets, will be presented to you with the "wraps off", so to speak. As a part of this interesting presentation, your editor is going to write many thousands of words which he has never published before, and it may be that there will be a conflict of opinion even between your editor and Mr. Shaver. However, this is to our mutual liking, and we feel that much that is undecided now will come into the light of day as demonstrable fact.

Another feature of this magazine will be the one thing all of you have repeatedly asked for—up-to-date, modern mystic and occult happenings going on today, and not a half century or more ago. Many people believe that such things do not go on today, and that mankind has "outgrown" the mysticism of the past. This isn't true.

But getting today's people to talk, to face the ridicule of the ignorant, is difficult. It isn't a matter of browsing through a library. It is a matter of intensive research, travel, interviewing, detective work and just plain hard work. It is expensive as all get out. And it is sometimes seemingly impossible to achieve in the face of the many obstacles. Yet, we are giving it to you. Mark Probert and the Inner Circle, a group of entities, supposedly from beyond the grave, operating now, today, in a demonstrable manner, is a case in point. Mrs. Lauer and her psychometric analyses is another. Our True Mystic Adventures is still a third. We hope to make the whole magazine as up-to-the-minute as tomorrow morning's newscast. And we are achieving it at a fantastic rate, a very satisfying rate.

Please don't forget, also, that the Seance Circle, where your letters are printed and answered, is for you, and your letters are welcome. You may say what you like, and bring up any subject you choose. You are one of us, and welcome. Naturally we can't print all the letters we receive, but we try to select those letters which will make for the most general interest. We're quite pleased with the result so far, and your praise has been unanimous.—*Rap*.

MYSTERY IN THE NEWS

SOMETIMES a little humor in the news is a welcome change from mystery, and just for a change, we're going to start this column off with a little humor. Out on highway 50 near Blenda in the Pueblo Colorado area is a fruit market with remarkably low prices for remarkably good fruits. Their name, which they place in bold type at the head of their ads, is CHEATEM & CHISLEM.

* * *

AT LAST! The perfect weatherman! Out in Russell, Kansas, weatherman L. P. Weatherford (get that name!) doesn't just forecast the weather, he does something about it. You see weatherman Weatherford can make it rain just by "thinking about it." Last fall he hitch-hiked through western Kansas greeting rainfalls in his travels. Later he roamed into Texas, arriving there only hours before flood waters swirled over parched Southern Texas. He insists his talent is God-given. The gift depends entirely upon belief in God and complete understanding of the love of fellow man. "I can't bring rain to unbelievers. Dry weather, ruining farms and crops, like other disasters which plague mankind, are evils that men bring

upon themselves through misuses of God's word and failure to believe in God's love and protection. They are reaping what they have sown," he said. Weatherford appeared on a Missouri TV show, and brought rain while on the show. He says he has written Governor Ed Arn offering to bring moisture to Kansas for a consideration. The governor has not replied.

* * *

We are writing this column on June 25 (but it's in the morning). The reason we add the but is because today's the day when Mars comes closest to Earth, and H. R. Fulton, president of the New Zealand Saucer Club, says that if the flying saucers are from Mars, they ought to show up today. If they don't, it proves nothing we say, but if as you read this, they *did* show up, let's take another peek at Mars through our biggest telescope!

* * *

DR. LINCOLN LAPAZ makes news again with his research for a meteor which landed in a Cache Valley, Utah, pasture on May 1, 1954. No one doubts that it is a meteor and not a flying saucer, because many saw it land. But one

statement by Dr. Lapaz interests us, because it seems very mysterious to us. "Utah has been in the meteorite path since 1951," says the Dr. Your editor is not an astronomer. That is, he isn't a "qualified" astronomer, although it has been a lifelong hobby with him. So, when he says he doesn't understand how one State can be in a "meteorite path", especially for three years, he means he doesn't understand. That is, if meteorites come from where astronomers say they do. If they do, then Utah just can't be in any "meteorite path". But if they come from where your editor believes they come, *of course Utah could be in a meteorite path!* In short, your editor has a theory that meteorites are formed by the magnetic field of the earth itself, perhaps as near as from five to fifty thousand miles (perhaps even in several locations in "belts" above the earth's surface), by a process of gathering together at a vortex center of primal matter present everywhere in space. When the meteorite gets big enough, just like a raindrop, it falls by gravity (which is just another way of saying magnetism, says Einstein in his Unified Field theory). We think Dr. LaPaz' statement, which must be based on actual scientific research, bolsters our theory enormously, and posi-

tively destroys the old idea that meteorites come from space. And we know that the Dr. will (if he reads this) try to confound us by saying meteor showers occur regularly, proving they travel in swarms around the sun in an orbit, and are perhaps the debris of former comets. So, to make it unnecessary for him to confound us, we'll point out that the comet had a magnetic field, and what would happen when two magnetic fields intersect. Quite a bit of vortexial action, we think, and quite a few "new" meteorites.

* * *

THERE'S A GREEN APE roaming around Plum Creek 6½ miles south of Littleton, in Colorado. That's what they say.

* * *

YOU'VE HEARD OF DOGS returning home from afar? Well, here's one who returned home from the grave! Stray was injured by an auto, and his leg bandaged, but it was deemed useless, so a veterinarian put him to sleep and buried him thirty miles from home. Yet, thirteen days later he limped home, with the bandage still on his leg. Three or four times the normal drug was used to put the dog asleep. Said the vet: "I trembled all over." All this happened in Houston, Texas, and the dog was owned by Mrs. Billie Smith, 4043 Law Street.

SAUCER ROUND-UP

By

Tom Comella, Jr.

THE mystery of the flying saucers has been with us for centuries, and there is no evidence or reason to believe that it will be solved in the near future. Each issue, in this space, sightings, theories, and supposedly fantastic ideas concerning the saucers will be presented. Since this is a democratic country, all possible saucer theories will be presented, so that you may form your own conclusions. However, the theories and ideas expressed in this column are NOT necessarily the opinions of Ray Palmer and his editorial staff. We are not going to follow the beaten path of the scientist; we are not going to accept what the scientist says merely because it is "what is known and accepted by other scientists." In fact, we will contradict him more than we will agree with him.

* * *

In starting out, we want to make sure that each theory concerning the saucers has an equal chance. Unfortunately, the interplanetary answer has not had an equal chance! The astronomer says

Mercury is too hot, Pluto is too cold, Venus has a poisonous atmosphere, and Mars hasn't enough oxygen. Unfortunately, this "fog" has the majority of the public believing it.

We must admit, though, that the astronomer has considered life on Mars to the extent of vegetation. But what about man? "Impossible," the learned man answers. "Evolution would undoubtedly have produced a monster of some sort, if anything."

Just what conditions are absolutely necessary in order for the human race to survive? First, a breathable atmosphere; second, water; third, vegetation; fourth, a temperature that's in the proper range. It is not necessary to consider numbers two and three, for water and vegetation have been found on some of the worlds whose surfaces can be seen. So we will start with number one, a breathable atmosphere. How does an astronomer determine the contents of another world's atmosphere? It is done with an instrument called a spectroscope. The principle on

which it works is very simple. A collimator tube gathers the light from the planet, which is then passed through a prism, breaking it into its color components. Since each element is distinguishable by a color, and the contents of the planet's atmosphere is determined. The astronomer turns this instrument toward the planet Venus, and finds that planet has too much carbon dioxide in its atmosphere to support life like ours. But can the spectroscope be relied on? Are its findings the truth? In the book, "The Universe We Live In", by Robinson, it is stated, that the upper portion of the earth's atmosphere has been found to contain 100 percent pure hydrogen! So we may conclude that if a Martian turned his spectroscope toward Earth, he would be right in saying that Earth supports no intelligent life at all, for what can survive in 100 percent hydrogen?*

(Editor's Note: The spectroscope works on the principle of light emanating from the object itself, and caused by heat. Reflected light, such as from Venus, can only give us the spectrum of the sun. In addition, the supposition that the light takes on the spectra of the body it is reflected from presupposes that it also is effected by the atmosphere through which it passes, which must then give it the spectra

of the Earth's atmosphere, to some extent.)

That's half the battle. Let's tackle the toughest, number four. The astronomer has a gigantic atomic furnace at the center of the solar system. Those planets that are too close, get "burned", those that are too far away, "freeze to death". What if the sun isn't hot at all!

But then, how would we get our heat? The following is probably just so much fiction, but what if it isn't? With that in mind, we present our answer to the above question. At our system's center we have a magnetic sun. Impulses produced by that sun are transmitted through its magnetic field to all the planets, and heat is produced in one of two ways: a) when the impulses strike the planet's magnetic field: b) the impulses stimulate a force within the earth's atmosphere that produces light and therefore heat.

We can't really prove there are obstacles in the way of homo sapiens on other worlds. So why accept them on such flimsy evidence?

Are the flying saucers space ships from one of those other worlds. That is a sixty-four dollar question, but nobody has proved it impossible.

In dealing with the question concerning the origin of the flying

saucers, it is necessary to make the following admissions: a) some people have been fooled by weather phenomena and astronomical displays; b) some people have observed United States research rockets and missiles; c) some sightings from behind the iron curtain have been due to Russian research rockets, etc. The flying saucers are all of these things. But what about the mysterious vehicles that disappear into the fathomless depths of the sky, when chased? What about the round objects, seen the world over, that pass silently over cities, hover, then swoosh off at speeds up to 20,000 miles per hour and more? These too, are flying saucers, but they do not fit any of the foregoing classifications. So, we'll have to add another one: d) some people have seen space ships from other worlds. But if we admit that ships from afar are in our midst, we are also admitting the possibility of an invasion from outer space! A typical fear people of this war-ridden planet have. And if we "admit" that, we must also "admit" they might be friendly. We are proud of our "advanced" science, and yet we have produced more destruction than good. We are developing fantastic bombs for our defense, and are blowing the whole world apart in the process. It has gotten to the

point where our weather is completely unpredictable, and disasters such as tornadoes, volcanic eruptions, and earthquakes are a common, everyday occurrence. In short, what we are doing is this: we are fiddling dangerously with the magnetic zipper that holds this planet together. And if we continue to "play" with that "zipper"

...

One bomb too many, one too powerful, and nothing but pieces of rock to remind others of a planet that once harbored millions of people. Could this happen to our planet? Look for yourselves, just beyond the orbit of Mars. What do you see? Nothing but pieces of rock floating in space (astronomers call them asteroids) where Bode's law says a planet should have been. Did it blow up?

Perhaps men of other worlds, wiser than we, keep watch over our progression, ever patrolling the earth's magnetic faults, watchful to prevent the one big mistake that the people of that other world may have made.

SAUCER SIGHTINGS AND NOTES

1) London, January 24, 1954—Two women said they saw an illuminated "flying saucer" hovering over the mouth of the Thames River today, for about ten minutes.

2) Jan. 6, 1954—Saucer ex-

perts at Wright-Patterson field, Dayton, Ohio, have banned reporters who are looking for disc data, from the base.

3) Jan. 6, 1954—Scripps Howard papers state that: "U.S. IS WISE TO FLYING SAUCERS". The article goes on to say, "Airforce knows what flying saucers are, but it doesn't dare tell. For the time being, it's not alarmed."

4) Jan. 5, 1954—During this week, twenty-two mysterious lights were sighted over the Quantico Marine Base in Virginia.

5) Feb. 13, 1954—The Cleveland Press ran the following headline: "FIVE TO TEN SAUCERS SEEN EACH NIGHT".

6) March 1, 1954. The Cleveland Press says that saucer photo, taken by Cleveland, has just been released. The Cleveland said he photographed the saucer while on duty at a Florida Army base in 1952.

1) February 28, 1954—Temperature in Cleveland, 59 degrees.

2) March 1, 1954—"Hydrogen device", four times as powerful as expected, was exploded in the Pacific.

3) March 1, 1954—Huge snow storm hit Cleveland, lasted the whole week. Other areas hit. Cleveland recorded 20.4 inches of snow.* (*Editor's note: The second time Cleveland got better than 20" of snow day after a bomb test.*)

4) March 2-9, 1954—Earthquakes recorded all over the world.

5) March 13, 1954—"Five state storm hits 150 towns."

6) March 15, 1954—"Eight dead in Georgia Tornados"

7) March 16, 1954—"Miami shivers at 47 degrees".

8) March 10-17, 1954—Dust storms rip the south west.

It is indeed unusual, that the bad weather should last two weeks as in this case. However it also should be noted that this test was the most powerful of all. Are atom and hydrogen tests affecting the weather?

Thinking In Reverse

SO you think your brain functions pretty well, do you? Well, what if we told you most of your thinking, which starts out right, comes out exactly the reverse of correct! That's right — there's a strange force that polarizes our

thoughts, and we wind up doing bad instead of good. For instance, you like this magazine, and you *did* have that impulse to subscribe to do your bit to help it survive. Well, why didn't you? Think *straight!* Subscribe this minute!

The SEANCE CIRCLE...

Letters from the Undead

Dear R. P.:

Please let me extend the deepest and most heartfelt appreciation to your readers, many of whom have written me as a result of my story in MYSTIC about my experience with Space Visitors and their Flying Saucers. Also, let me thank you, Ray, for launching MYSTIC, and its interest in the mysterious, but real events in our skies. This material age finds such a new magazine an oasis in the stark and barren world of material mirages of this era. I feel sure that Mystic will grow and become the organ we need.

Circumstances have not permitted me to reply to all the letters sent me. But I feel that many did not require a reply, for there is a mutual understanding among us, and the answers come anyhow, in some mystic, ever penetrating way. The true scientists recognize that our senses are able to perceive only the effects of things. The realities are hidden to the eye, ear, touch, smell and taste, but the mind and heart dance in the rhythm of the forces so hidden from us. Those who perceive these things have a reward not permitted to others. Keep going, Ray, and know that thousands of us are with you.

Orfeo Angelucci
2931 Glendale Blvd.
Los Angeles 39, Calif.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have just finished reading

your "EDITORIAL" in the August 1954 issue of MYSTIC. As you have very aptly expressed my own feelings with reference to the subjects discussed in the "EDITORIAL", it is only natural that I am highly pleased with it. You may not gain a large circulation by such a "stand", but I do believe you will make many staunch friends among your serious readers. It appears to me that one of the great needs of these days is the courage to speak out just how we feel—without first evaluating the results in terms of possible monetary gain. As long as you continue such a stand you can count on me as a reader and my support to the magazine.

Kenneth G. Neal

P. O. Box 277

Hopewell Junction, N. Y.

Your statement that "you may not gain a large circulation by such a stand" demands a comment. Does it mean that the great mass of people decry any sort of "stand", look down upon "courage", or sneer at "serious" people? We have a hunch that none of these things are "circulation getters", and that the real way to sell MYSTIC is to make it INTENSELY INTERESTING. We've long ago realized we aren't missionaries, and that sometimes the lot of the missionary is to be boiled and eaten. All we do in MYSTIC is set a tempting table, and we think many will come to the feast if the food is good enough.

You are an example. You will not remain faithful if we get dull and uninteresting, no matter how much of a stand we take, and keep standing still on it!—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have never before written to a magazine, but when I came across your publication, I felt it was worthy of some credit. I have read other magazines of this type before, mostly Rosicrucian writings, but your book outdoes them all by far.

I bought your August issue yesterday, and, as with all material dealing with such subjects as does *Mystic* magazine, I skimmed through *Venusians Walk our Streets, Strange Children, In the Twinkling of an Eye*, and the two following short tales with my usual skepticism, and was about to do the same thing with *The Inner Circle*, when the words held up SLOW, PROCEED WITH CAUTION signs. This I did, and found myself enthralled with the intense interest which is found too rarely these days. I finished the seance and returned to the front of the book and re-read the stories which I all but ignored the first time through, finding in them the same interest as *The Inner Circle* offered.

A new loyal reader

Terry Oehler
309 South Third Avenue West
Newton, Iowa

That's it, Terry! Every item in MYSTIC is designed to give you that attitude. Often we fail, but we're delighted to see that this last issue had at least one "Stop, Look



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& Listen!" sign in it.—Rap.

Dear Sirs:

While in California my husband was walking along the road when some one threw a magazine out of a car. He brought it home and it was the first time I knew there was such a magazine on the market. We certainly enjoyed every article in it.

I bought the August issue and Sunday night I am taking it over to the Spiritualist church with me where it can be passed around to the members.

It seems to me this is wonderful, as people can get a chance to read things they would never know, especially the ones who would by no means attend a Spiritualist Church.

Mrs. Charles C. Jackson
2501 S. Fourth Ave
Tucson, Arizona

After hearing this, we're tempted to drive along the highway throwing MYSTIC magazines out of the window!—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Congratulations on the wonderful way *Mystic* is shaping up. It has now become my favorite magazine. Glad to see you're giving the B.S.R.A. some publicity with your Inner Circle articles.

In your excellent answer to W. Wallace's letter I particularly liked the part where you said: "It's not a question of at what point the ape man became man, because he didn't, but at what point the man used the ape for his body, and developed it to the thing it is today." This bit of occult knowledge has been overlooked by so many people. One of

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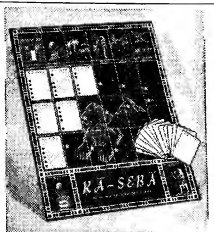
UNIVERSE Science Fiction

Send \$3-Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wis

the Edgar Cayce publications, "The Coming of Man," describes this. I don't see how you can not believe in reincarnation after reading some of the Cayce material, and "Many Mansions" by Cerminara, in particular.

Harold S. Bradford
P. O. Box 2035
Dallas 21, Texas

If I were to believe in reincarnation, it would have to be on faith. And would you think it wise to accept a thing on faith? It's like saying: "Believe, and you shall strike oil." But you know darned well that if there is no oil in the locality, you won't strike it no matter how much you believe you will. That is one fallacy in thinking today. Belief must be founded on fact! And lacking fact, you must have reason. For instance, we don't know for a fact that Jesus lived, but we have so many thousands of reasons to believe he did. There is much evidence, enough to be acceptable. At least to me—and I don't believe in the biblical accounts to the letter, because reason (and also evidence) show that bible manuscripts have been mis-translated, and therefore are not perfect evidence. Actual fact is a personal experience, and even then it is tempered by our physical (including the brain) interpretation of it, which we know can be faulty. In the final analysis, it is our own reason, using the evidence AT HAND that must be our basis for "belief". A better word is "acceptance". Frankly, Harold, I have a LOT more evidence in my personal experience category to show that it isn't reincarnation, but something



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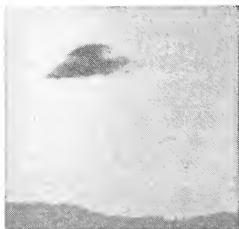
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else, and in spite of that, I have not censored in the slightest the opinions of my readers or writers. But be sure that I will make an effort to present the other side of the story also, and be sure that I will not be alone. Let's take this reincarnation thing with a grain of salt, and THINK about it, and the material for thinking will be presented over the years in MYSTIC. That's what MYSTIC's for! The very fact that you "don't see" how I cannot believe in reincarnation means you haven't had the chance to consider a lot of evidence that I have. Believe me (after I've presented my evidence, not now!) I have reasons to be reticent about going "whole hog" for the theory. And I admit, I may well be wrong! If so, MYSTIC is my only present hope of learning differently.—Rap.

Dear Rap:

Submitted, herewith, are a few mildly remonstrative and gently corrective remarks anent your comment in the, "Mystery in the News", column of the August issue, relative to the mysterious wild animal heard crying like a baby and, allegedly, drinking blood in the vicinity of Bladenboro, North Carolina:

Am I over-sensitive, or do I actually detect a measure of derisive sarcasm in your remarks which, taken broadly, might conceivably be construed as a somewhat derogatory concept of "The Land of the Long-Leaf Pine" and the denizens thereof? My personal reaction (not belligerent or even argumentative) is that many of the estimable citizens of that great and

friendly commonwealth, of which I am a proud (but not unduly puffed-up) member, might get the idea that you are "looking down your nose" at them or, peradventure, just plain don't like 'em and heavily discount any expectation of a constructive contribution from them.

Now, I know and you know that nothing that may be said about us or done to us can really work us harm. Only our personal reaction to what may be said or done can accomplish that result. Anyway,

perhaps you didn't intend any hurt at all. It did look like a pretty good spot for a little goodnatured ribbing. However, your concluding remark might appear to some sensitive souls as bearing slightly to the "left" of that tenuous line of demarcation between legitimate persiflage and downright insult. Anyrate, I would say that the connotations of the statement are definitely negative and fall something short of the high and impersonal standard I should like to set for your very excellent publication.

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My horseback or eyeball assay of the mystery is, that the animal in question is none other than that fierce and quite formidable little creature, known colloquially as "bob cat" or "wild cat". They are hereditary enemies of dogs, and I can well imagine them tearing into one here and there. But they've rarely been known to attack humans. Their favorite mode of expression is a blood-curdling scream, faithfully simulating the cry of a woman in distress.

I would respectively point out that your nomenclature of "Panther Sweat" is slightly "off the beam". A better designation, and the one actually in use, refers to the product derived from another, but equally well known, excretory function. Anyway, (I think I'm

right) panthers don't sweat!

Hugh P. Cash
1404½ Washington St., East
Charleston, W. Va.

You are right on all counts, Hugh, except one: We meant no derogatory interpretation. If there was any derision there, it was directed to the type of newspaperman who would print a report of a "bob-cat" in this manner. Anyway, we hope our readers interpret some of our mistakes as you do, and get the logical answer back into their minds. Bob-cat it is!—Rap.

Dear Sir:

Inasmuch as the Very Reverend Floyd M. Gurley (commonly known as the White Thunder God) is well known to be the ONLY person on this earth to-date ever to have vis-



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ited the planet Venus, ascent having been witnessed thereto by the captain and crew members of a ship and space ship having been traced and seen by half a million people in the year 1947 and whereas same report has been completely told and explained (and copywrited) in the book *White Thunder God*, by Reid:

Therefore be it advised that the "true story" **VENUSIANS WALK OUR STREETS** is a lie and a hoax as also is the story referred to of the man with the "Dago" name who says "I rode in a flying saucer".

Upon the authority of the "White God" I quote the following:

Venusians have a **GREENISH** skin and would be **INSTANTLY** recognized as freaks and could **NEVER** pass unnoticed among other people as claimed.

Venusians are **NOT** "little men" but average **FOURTEEN FEET TALL**.

There are no 'men and women' of Venus. They are bisexual and have no such division as "men and women".

Venusians do **NOT** wear "navy style uniforms" they are **ALL NUDISTS**. Clothing has never in history been known upon the planet Venus.

Venus does **NOT** have a "topography very similar to the earth." It is a planet of millions of extinct volcanos and inasmuch as there has never been any freezing winter weather to break down rocks, no snow slides or dashing rains to wash down and create an earth style topography the whole planet greatly resembles the Grand Teton mountain range of our own west.



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If you would like to read this famous biographical missionary work, I have a very badly pawed volume I'll donate to you post paid.

In the meantime, PLEASE don't

classify these other farces as "TRUE".

J. R. Latham,
RFD 2,
La Harpe,
Kansas.

P.S. The "White God" is now retired and is president of the Ozark Mountains Telephone Company near here. Just nominated senator of Kansas.

We always say, a letter that's worth writing, is worth being printed. So, yours is printed. The results are on your own head. First (and we aren't going to beat you over the head, just answer as we see it, so it's all in fair play), we will defend ourselves: Using the same basis you use on Vest's story, the story of the Very Reverend

"With God . . .

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You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just clip this Message now and mail with your name, address and 6c in stamps to LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 8409 Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL.

Floyd M. Gurley (which unfortunately we have never before heard about) must be a lie and a hoax. It's only fair that we describe it so, as the standard you have used is the fact that an opposing tale has been told, and we're happy to use your standards. Next, we don't know Mr. Angelucci's ancestry, but we do know he's an American, and not a "Dago". However, that is beside the point. We have many "Dago" friends, and we always call them "Mr." Third, we don't publish farces. However, we are relieved to note that you say: "these OTHER farces", and we thank you for the tip, because now we won't waste time reading "White Thunder God." If you think it is a farce,

we certainly won't question you. Which would seem to settle the whole argument. As for Mr. Gurley, perhaps he would like to campaign in our magazine for his election? If he'll drop us a line backing you up, we'll give him a free plug.—Rap.

Dear Ray:

Congratulations on your *Mystic Magazine* and its new type of reading material — something that I have been looking forward to for quite a while. It's not quite fully the new type that I have been anticipating but I assume that it will gradually merge into that later. I would call the stories by Sanandana Kumara the beginning you might

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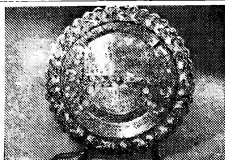
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say.

I'm very glad to see Mark Probert and the Inner Circle gracing your pages and I sincerely hope that they will continue to do so as I know that it has been somewhat of a strain on Meade Layne to get them before and keep them before the informed public. Meade deserves a lot of credit for the marvelous informative work that he has been doing on behalf of Mark Probert and his benevolent Friends.

It is part of my life's ambition to meet and converse with Mark and Irene Probert, and the Inner Circle.

Excuse my dreaming, Ray, but I'm trying to visualize what your next new magazine is going to look and be like. Of course you're going to publish some new ones—that's inevitable as you should know. I guess the next one will probably be "Etherian Transepts": comparisons of other-world concepts as compared to earthly concepts (bridging other forms of consciousness to facilitate easier earthly understanding through comparatively simple symbols of communication). I guess that I should pull a Maury Amsterdam quote after the above remark.

I presume that the center portrait on the cover of the August, 1954 MYSTIC MAGAZINE is none other than Yada di Shi'ite?

If the above sounds confusing to you, Ray, just sit down and visualize a purple five pointed star inside a blue square—it'll come to you.

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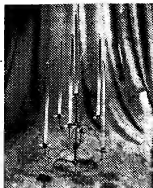
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Please don't mention new magazines! The ones we have are driving us nuts now! Yes, that was Yada in the center. He was flanked on the left by Ramon Nataali and on the right by Professor Luntz. There are more members of the Inner Circle, and their likenesses will come to you in future issues. We've tried to visualize the purple star, but all we see is creditors' statements with "Please Remit" stamped all over them in purple ink.—Rap.

Dear Mister Palmer:

I'd sure like to know what the 'Shaver Mystery' is. I've seen it mentioned a number of times but no one explains what in the heck it is, I'm curious.

After reading the article on Mental Projection that appeared in the May issue of *Mystic* I decided to attempt it myself. After some concentration I was able to project my senses so that I could see myself lying in bed. This was the first experience of this type that I have ever had. I was greatly impressed. If *Mystic* continues to improve as it has I believe it will soon be one of the best in its field.

Glenn Holiday

301 East Maple St.

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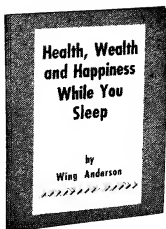
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its field!—Rap.

Dear Ray:

How come so much pessimism in *Mystic*? All this world-is-going-to-the-dogs, the earth-is-a-helluva-place-to-live, the-end-of-the-world-is-nigh kind of talk seems to permeate an otherwise pretty good magazine. I'd like to quote the bottom half of page 72 of the *Reader's Digest* for June '54:

During a discussion of "The World We Want" at the New York Herald Tribune Youth Forum, Johnny B. Antillon, 18-year-old delegate from the Philippines, made the following contribution:

"Usually, when I discuss with people the kind of world we want, they astonish me by describing a Utopia without cares. As for me, I like this world we have. I like living in this century—so full of strivings and plans that I feel part of a wonderful and exciting experiment. I like the suspense which gives life its only true zest. Let me have this world, with dreams for me to dream and problems for me to solve.

"If I had lived before the 'A-and H-bombs I might be less optimistic of the future. But today, I have great hope that we shall enjoy peace, for I feel deeply that no nation will start a war which none can possibly survive.

"I believe that this world we have deserves a vote of confidence. With its dirt and cleanness, its ups and downs and its total unexpectedness, it has given, through variety, more pleasure than pain. Whatever else it may be, this particular century is still the broadest, the

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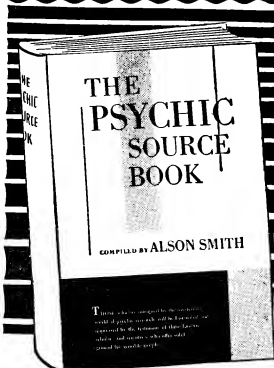
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Literature (whatever that is)—is either mutually contradictory or downright ridiculous. Frankly, I think the above quotation from *Reader's Digest* is the best possible refutation for all the pessimism in so many of your articles and features. How 'bout a little more on the brighter side? We aren't all in hell, yet! At least I ain't. I'm having a lot of fun. I even make a couple bucks now and then. Maybe that's why some people don't like your magazines. Too gloomy. One of my best friends perused my copy of *Mystic No. 5*. He nearly went hysterical. With laughter. Now you know as well as I do that it ain't supposed to be that funny. My friend knows that, too. You know, Ray, when you carry anything, even gloom, too far, it gets ridiculous. To, if you'll pardon the expression, get the facts, you naturally have to take into account all the data—and if there is a question of the validity of the data, it must all be analyzed, not just what will fit one's own personal theory. Sure life is tough. That's what makes it so enjoyable.

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about what he said, and also about Reader's Digest. First, sometimes we get a little mad at RD when they wave the flag and pour on the sentiment and get all slopped over with reverence. If you'll notice, they always use that policy in each issue. A little patriotism for the patriot, a little sentiment for the emotionally undeveloped, and a little (is catering the word?) to the various dogmatists. But nuts to that they sell 12,000,000 more magazines than I do! As for Mr. Antillon, I contradict a few things he said (and what he said was RD's monthly slopping over with sentiment). First, that no nation will start a war which none can possibly survive. In the first place, no nation believes it won't survive

such a war (meaning the A- and H-bomb war). Next, nations don't start wars. Individuals at the head do. Individuals with soft heads. Yes, there are soft individuals—millions of them. Individuals lacking the guts to say their say, and to back down a soft-head when he gets to talking silly and pugnacious. Lots of cowards. Lots of people who are afraid to say "I like McCarthy, or I don't like McCarthy" until they see who wins, in which case they find it safe to say "I like McCarthy." And as for a soft world, most of us are looking for it. A soft, easy, socially-secured world where we won't have to take on any responsibility for our own existence. The challenge Mr. Antillon is speaking of he doesn't

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recognize when it is before him—that problem being the very soft-heads he hopes don't exist. This H-bomb world needs some hard heads, some clear thinking and some right action! And by hard heads we don't mean toughies. We've had enough of gangsterism. Let the people decide if they want war, and we won't have any. Our governments (all of them) don't believe the people can be trusted so they force them to build defenses.

If we must have defenses, let's go back to broad-butt shingles. They're perfectly harmless and they make a whacking good noise. Sometimes we have a feeling the scientists and army men bowing off those bombs are just doing it to make a "whacking big noise". We can just see them now, beaming at their fellows, saying: "Boyoboy, Joe, didn't that one go BANG, though!" Optimists are always refuting pessimists by spouting optimism. But you don't get to heaven by optimism, and you don't go to hell by pessimism. You go to either place by reading MYSTIC—as we are the only magazine points the way.

The choice we leave up to you. As for your friend, let us know his name, we'll give him a free subscription. We like to spread cheer, and if he gets as big a kick out of it as that, we're a real success! But, we'd also like to know WHAT he was laughing at. If we can find out, maybe our next magazine will be a humor mag! And lastly, whats that word "validity" mean? Shaver's Alphabet, for instance, says it is a "detriment to value".—Rap.

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